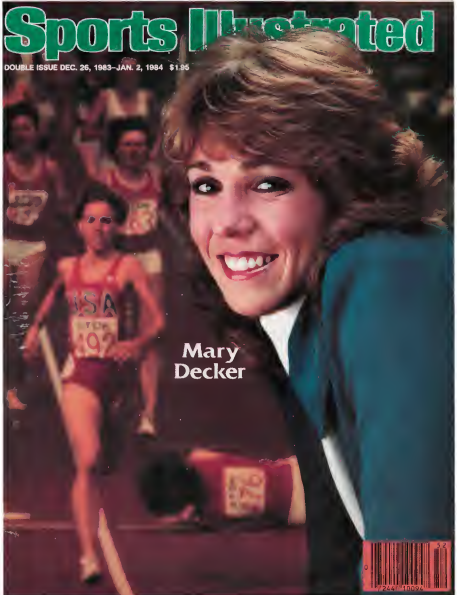


Sportswoman of the Year

Sports Illustrated

DOUBLE ISSUE DEC. 26, 1983-JAN. 2, 1984 \$1.95



**Mary
Decker**



Extra-wide interior
Ban-Rol® prevents
waistband rollover

Self-fabric French fly keeps pants
flat in front for a neater look

Caroline's (Mirrored) Self

Extra-deep pockets

Fully extended fly lining insures
flatness, prevents puckering



The Par FourTM Collection

Par Four slacks offer an array of special features designed for long-lasting comfort and style. Available in five handsome colors, at one beautiful price—\$26. Coordinating Par Four shirts, \$13–\$15. From The Par Four Collection. Only at JCPenney. **Dedicated to the well-dressed man.**

Also available through the JCPenney catalog. Prices slightly higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. ©1983 The J.C. Penney Company, Inc.

JCPenney

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding ✧ that the good that lies in each of our hearts may day by day be magnified ✧ that we will come to see more clearly not that which divides us, but that which unites us ✧ that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of ourselves over our own evils and weaknesses ✧ that the true spirit of this Christmas Season – its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith – may live among us ✧ that the blessings of peace be ours – the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence?

New York Life Insurance Company



LEADING OFF



94

Paula McGee of top-ranked USC may be trapped by the Dawgs' hounding defense, but the Women of Troy unhorsed Georgia; Little Mer, here at 14, grew up very fast; and Beverlee Schnallanberger just knows her husband's team is cut out to be No. 1.

CONTENTS

Dec. 26, 1983-Jan. 2, 1984 Volume 58, No. 27 Cover photograph by Brian Lanker



32



46

16 Yes, Santa Claus, There Is a Virginia

Four different centers have tried to replace Ralph Sampson and games are no longer sellouts, but the Cavs are winning
by Bruce Newman

22 Zap! Pow! He's a Real-Life He-Man

With moves worthy of a cartoon favorite, WBA bantam-weight champ Jeff Chandler beat challenger Oscar Muniz
by Franz Lidz

24 Dr. Z Lets You Know Who's All-Pro

Our resident expert weighs the strengths and weaknesses of the NFL's leading players and picks the best of the best
by Paul Zimmerman

32 Sportswoman of the Year

Mary Decker, whose victories in the 1,500 and 3,000 in the World Championships lifted us all, is the choice for 1983
by Kenny Moore

46 Nebraska May Be in for Double Trouble

Orange Bowl-bound Miami has been winning hand over fist since the arrival of Coach Howard Schoellenberger
by John Underwood

56 Basic Training

A picture essay examines aspects of athletic preparation, usually private, for the arena of public competition
Photographs by Brian Lanker

80 Greetings from Christmas

More than 200 years after Captain Cook discovered Christmas Island, a new wave of eager anglers hits its beaches
by Clive Gammon

102 As It Was in the Beginning

Most stars of the first Winter Games are gone, but a few can recall when, young and innocent, they met in France
by William Oscar Johnson

DEPARTMENTS

11 Scorecard	123 For the Record
78 TV/Radio	125 19th Hole
94 College Basketball	Credits on page 123

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0278-9092) is published weekly, except nine weeks during a year in February and one in September, when two issues are published. It is published by Time Inc. Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes in New York City to Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 518, New York, N.Y. 10108. Outside New York City to Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 518, New York, N.Y. 10108. Copyright © 1983 Time Inc. Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. BY TIME INC. PRINTING CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020. POSTMASTER: Send address changes in New York City to Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 518, New York, N.Y. 10108. Outside New York City to Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 518, New York, N.Y. 10108.

Why **Sports Illustrated** subscribers keep coming back...



January 20, 1983—Pasadena, California

Photo by Ronald G. Moore

From 51—February 7, 1983

Super Bowl XVII—the game, the week preceding it and the aftermath—was molded in the image of John Riggins....What he had done on that long day's journey into night in Pasadena's Rose Bowl was grab modern NFL football by the scruff of the neck and toss it a few decades back into a simpler era—big guy running behind bigger guys blocking.

"You look at the play-by-play," Theismann said, "and you'll see: Riggins off-tackle left, Riggins off-tackle left, then maybe a little Riggins off-tackle right, an occasional pass by me, then Riggins left, Riggins left, and one more Riggins left. I imagine if we were still out there we'd still be running Riggins left." The Redskins' forward wall—the Hogs, and of course Riggins, the honorary Hog—wore them down. "What sets John Riggins apart?" [Washington coach Joe Gibbs] said, "is a champion's heart." *Paul Zimmerman, SI February 7, 1983*

Incredible photography. You-are-there writing. Renew your subscription now and reserve yourself the best seat in the house.

**Discover
a closer,
more comfortable
shave...**

**with Skin
Conditioning
Edge
with lanolin.**



© 1983 S. C. Johnson & Son Inc.

TENDERNESS...



Even the baddest of the bad have their softer side. Their tender moments.

Mr. T. meets an admirer at a Los Angeles County shelter for abused children. And reveals a heart as huge as the whole outdoors—and as soft as eiderdown.

Stars. Athletes. Politicos. Personalities. In People they let you see the people they really are. In stories that come straight from the soul. And pictures that touch your heart.

Pick up a copy where you shop—today.

Meet the real people in PEOPLE

People

BOOKTALK

by BRUCE NEWMAN

KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR'S 'GIANT STEPS' IS A BIG STEP INTO THE OPEN FOR HIM

I had arrived at the hotel room of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar one day last spring eager to talk to him about basketball and whatever else was on his mind, but when the door opened and he invited me in, I found myself startled and slightly unnerved by his tremendous size. I was accustomed to seeing Abdul-Jabbar in vast arenas or in the company of other very large men. In the hotel room he seemed to have to slouch just to keep his head from hitting the ceiling, and as we talked it occurred to me that when you are Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, you live in a world defined by walls. For the remainder of our interview I could not make the thought of that claustrophobia go away.

The same feeling returned as I read *Giant Steps* (Bantam, \$14.95). Abdul-Jabbar's remarkable autobiography written with Peter Knobler. It's a book that covers a lot of ground in telling of Abdul-Jabbar's growth intellectually and spiritually, and yet that growth is described from so narrow a point of view that his journey seems to have been made through a long tunnel.

For all but the last couple of his 15 NBA seasons, Abdul-Jabbar has protected himself with a formidable wall of indifference or hostility toward the public and press, and that icy remove has puzzled a lot of people and turned many of them against him. If the book serves no other purpose—which, happily, isn't the case—it does show how the wall went up, brick by brick and trauma by trauma.

Growing up in Harlem as Lew Alcindor, he was the fairly happy, only child of a stern father and a mother who was determined that her son get a good Catholic education. He's insightful in describing parochial schools and some of the nuns. "They had the word of God," he says, "and you were going to learn how to spell it." It's clear he never got over his parents' decision to uproot him from an integrated school and pack him off to an all-black Catholic boarding school when he was in the fourth grade.

That was only the first of many critical decisions in Abdul-Jabbar's life that, in

effect, were made for him by others. When he graduated from UCLA, he wound up playing for the Milwaukee Bucks rather than the New York Nets—an ABA team near his home, where he wanted to play—because he had agreed to a proposal by advisers Sam Gilbert and Ralph Shapiro to let the two leagues enter into a blind bid for rights to him. When he was torn between marrying one of two women, he allowed Humaas Abdul-Kharras, his Muslim mentor, to all but choose his wife for him; she was not the one he really loved. Abdul-Jabbar may be a keen observer of life as it churns along below him, but he's easily bored. During his final two years at Power Memorial High his team lost one game, but he remembers basketball then as drudgery, marking time until college. Yet he was so quickly tired of UCLA that he dismisses his senior season there—during which the Bruins won their third consecutive NCAA championship—in less than a paragraph.

Some readers no doubt will be offended that Abdul-Jabbar seems to find white racism everywhere, while at the same time insisting his own feelings of racial hatred ("... when a whole lot of white people died in a tragedy—say a fire or a plane crash—I'd be happy," he writes) are behind him. He had his reasons to hate. When he was a junior in high school, his coach, a white man named Jack Donohue, whom he had respected, tried to motivate him during halftime by telling him he was playing "like a nigger." Abdul-Jabbar also points a fairly dismal picture of the racism in pro basketball, and he backs up every charge with examples.

At one point Abdul-Jabbar describes sportswriters as "scurrying around like cockroaches after crumbs..." and some of them may have proved his point by making headline news out of his discussion of the fact that he has tried marijuana, cocaine, LSD and heroin. The most revealing of the passages about his drug use was the first one, in which he describes spending considerable time at the library researching marijuana before he smoked his first joint.

Giant Steps is an intelligent, thoughtful autobiography by a man who has chosen—until now—to be misunderstood. For all the people who have asked Abdul-Jabbar, "How's the weather up there?" the answer given in this book is a very definite stormy but clearing. **END**

"No pain, no gain."



To unlock your body's potential, we proudly offer Soloflex. Twenty-four traditional iron pumping exercises, each correct in form and balance. All on a simple machine that fits in a corner of your home.

For a free Soloflex brochure, call anytime
1-800-453-9000.

**BODY BY
SOLOFLEX®**

SOLOFLEX, HILLSBORO, OREGON 97123

SEE US BROCHURE AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST

©1993 SOLOFLEX

"THESE ARE MY WORK SHOES"
...Walter Payton

"Running past Franco Harris, O. J. Simpson and Jimmy Brown in total NFL rushing yardage is where my KangaROOS come in. For the record, I choose KangaROOS."

KangaROOS™
Shoes With Pockets
© 1993 KangaROOS U.S.A., Inc., St. Louis MO

U.S. Foreign Patents Pending

Help bring the world together, one friendship at a time.

Be an exchange student. There is no greater challenge...no greater satisfaction. That's why thousands of young Americans like you are joining a Presidential Initiative for peace...International Youth Exchange. If you're one of them, you'll live abroad with your new host family. Go to new schools. Make new friends. Help bring our world together, one friendship at a time.

Teenagers between 15 and 19 representing all segments of American society are being selected. If you'd like to be one of them, send for more information on programs, costs and financial aid.

Write: YOUTH EXCHANGE
Pueblo, Colorado 81009



Shopwalk

by FRANZ LIDZ

HERE IS A CONCOCTION CALCULATED TO ALLEViate THE COMMON COLD FOOT

Football games are often lost not by inches but by feet. Cold feet. So when Benny Ricardo of Minnesota beat Green Bay in overtime with a 32-yard field goal into the wind on a damp, chilly day in October, it was not too surprising that he gave some credit to WarmFeet.

WarmFeet is a powder, made in part of cayenne pepper, ginger and mustard, that you sprinkle into your socks. Ricardo used to bundle up with extra socks, which cut off the circulation in his talented toes. For a kicker, circulation in the toes may be more critical than blood to the brain. "This stuff warms the sweet spot of your foot," Ricardo says. "It's like your upper body is in Alaska and your feet are in California."

The alchemist who came up with this concoction is an Englishwoman with a bewitching smile, Samantha Stevens. After moving to Los Angeles in 1965, she eventually wound up living in Aspen. But Stevens never enjoyed the skiing because she had chronically cold feet. She tried everything from wrapping her feet in plastic to fitting her ski boots with battery-operated heaters. "I'd ride up the chair lift and I'd be crying when I got off," Stevens says. "I'd get my feet up in front of the fire in the lodge and not want to leave."

A nagging back injury Stevens received while Boogie-boarding in Malibu was cured by herbal medicine. So the amateur herbalist decided to use herbology to cure the common cold foot. Like Goldilocks' porridge, some seasonings were too hot, some too cold.

After three years and hundreds of tests, Stevens finally hit on a combination that warmed feet without making them feel like refried jalapeños. She then teamed up with Divajex, the Tustin, Calif., manufacturer that developed Blue Ice; they were interested in a wintertime complement.

"It's silly to spend \$1,000 on your gear and a chichi outfit and then have your feet drop off," she says. "WarmFeet costs just 50 cents a day." If all else fails, you can fill your ski boots with tomato juice and vodka. You'll have one hell of a Bloody Mary.

END

**"Sorry, but Thomas W. DeMint, Jr.
deserves the higher dividends
that only Northwestern Mutual
can provide!"**



When it comes to superior life insurance value, one company stands far above the rest of the crowd—Northwestern Mutual Life. In fact, A.M. Best Co.—a well-known publisher and the performance-rating authority in the life insurance industry, compares the actual dividend performance over 20 years of the largest life insurance companies. In the categories that are the basis for comparison, Northwestern Mutual Life consistently ranks number one.

But these results aren't surprising. For over 125 years Northwestern Mutual has been a leader in low-cost, long-term life insurance. We're a tough act to follow, and our competitors know it.

To take advantage of Northwestern Mutual's outstanding programs, contact your local Northwestern Mutual agent—the only one who can represent The Quiet Company.

**Northwestern
Mutual Life**
The Quiet Company®
Quiet
Quiet

A tough act to follow



© 1994 Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, WI



Winning is everything.

It's always striving to be better. That's why Nestlé® has made their milk chocolate bar creamier, richer, better than ever before.

Taste a superior quality chocolate that's sure to win you over.



Nestlé makes the very best.

EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

LOU'S WATERLOO

Viewed strictly in free-speech terms, it seemed more than a little shocking that one of the reasons Arkansas Football Coach Lou Holtz resigned under pressure on Sunday was a growing public outcry over his support for the reelection of North Carolina Republican Senator Jesse Helms, an old pal from Holtz's days as coach at North Carolina State. After all, a football coach ought to have the right, like any citizen, to express his political views. So why did Holtz's endorsement of a politician have anything to do with his losing his job?

The answer is that Holtz, who had taped two as-yet-unaired TV commercials for Helms, had made a lot of people in Arkansas unhappy by conspicuously backing a man whose biggest recent claim to fame was his unsuccessful filibuster against the establishment of a federal holiday in honor of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. Holtz had done so, moreover, even as Arkansas was plodding to a disappointing 6-5 record and after having otherwise antagonized Arkansas fans, who had criticized him over the years for spending too much time on the out-of-state banquet circuit making jokes about Fayetteville ("It's 15 minutes from Tulsa by phone") and not enough time combing Arkansas high schools for football players. It occurred to some Razorback fans that since a lot of Arkansas' best high school players are black, Holtz's endorsement of Helms wasn't calculated to improve his recruiting results.

In other words, Holtz lost his job because of the same won-and-lost considerations that most coaches do. Free speech? A coach also has the right under the First Amendment to go around cursing out the mothers of recruits, but that would hurt his team and would probably put his job on the line, too.

RAPP SHEET ODDITIES

A while back we reported that a Boston radio station had done a tongue-in-cheek tribute to Vern Rapp, who was retiring as the Montreal Expos' first-base coach, and that the station, while interviewing people about Rapp, phoned an official of the Cincinnati Reds, who, thus alerted to Rapp's availability, wound up hiring him

as their manager (SCORECARD, Oct. 17). Now Dave Mona, a Minneapolis sports-writer-turned-public relations man, tells us that the manner of his hiring as the Reds' skipper isn't the only odd thing about the 55-year-old Rapp. Rapp, who never made it to the majors as a player, had only a .252 career batting average in the minors, but his record for his last three years as a hitter was as follows:

YEAR	CLUB	AB	H	B.A.
1961	Modesto	1	1	1.000
1966	Little Rock	1	1	1.000
1976	Denver	1	1	1.000

No, there's no misprint there. Rapp had pretty much retired as a player in 1960 and was the manager at Modesto, Little Rock and Denver when he inserted himself into the batting order on the three occasions indicated above. He came up with, in turn, a single, double and single, thereby becoming, as far as we know, the only player in baseball history to 1) hit 1,000 in his last three seasons and 2) have a 16-year hitting streak.

IMPECCABLY YOUNG, JOSÉ SULAIMÁN

Exercising much the same care and vigilance that it does in the preparation of its rankings, the World Boxing Council has bestowed its Exemplary Boxer of the Year award for "impeccable conduct in and out of the ring" on light heavyweight champion Michael Spinks, who last April was fined \$1,770 after pleading guilty in Philadelphia to a charge of carrying a firearm without a license. Police said that they saw Spinks driving a car in an "erratic manner" early on the morning of Jan. 5 and that they pursued him, pulled him over and found an unregistered .45-caliber revolver in the car. Asked after the announcement of the award about Spinks's widely publicized brush with the law, WBC President José Sulaimán said, "I wasn't aware of it."

YULETIDE HUDDLE

Bill Cooke, former sports editor of the *Buffalo Courier-Express*, has teamed up with Mike Ricigliano, the sports cartoonist for the *Baltimore News American*, to put out a line of Christmas cards with a

sports motif. One card shows a football team in a huddle and features the following dialogue:

QUARTERBACK: OK... it's going to be a long pass on ten... Got it?

TEAMMATES: Right! A bomb, on ten....

QUARTERBACK: Repeat....

TEAMMATES: On ten, a bomb!

QUARTERBACK: Again!

TEAMMATES: On ten, a bomb!

QUARTERBACK: Together!



At this point the team breaks into rousing song, chorusing: "On ten, a bomb.... On ten, a bomb....!"

BUM ANSWERS

Sportswriters ask a lot of questions, not all of which get answered satisfactorily. For an example of the kind of bum answers they sometimes hear, consider what Los Angeles Laker spokesman Bob Steiner had to say about San Diego Clipper Guard Norm Nixon's recent charges that when he was with the Lakers, the team had somebody tell him to determine if he was using illicit drugs. Steiner said, "We have no comment, other than to make the statement that Norm Nixon has never done anything to our knowledge that did not reflect the highest char-

continued

The line



The line is low and long. The line is straight through a curve. The line is strong.

The line of Honda Civic Hatchbacks for 1984. Their new design and advanced engineering make these new cars absolutely remarkable.

 © 1983 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

Sit in the front seat of the new Civic and your vision improves. The hoodline is lower. There's more room above your head in the back seat because the roofline is longer. Behind the back seat is a generous cargo area.

These are among the most space-efficient automobiles ever manufactured by Honda.

You can easily reach the controls. They are logically placed. They work smoothly. And all of the instruments read both quickly and clearly.



is drawn.



The outline of the new Civics makes the best use of aerodynamic design. Even the doors wrap over the top to conceal the drip rails and reduce wind drag. The rear spoiler also deflects air down the rear window to help keep it clear from dust.

There is a totally new and compact suspension system. It gives excellent directional stability. Yet it rides like a

much larger automobile.

The practical Honda Civic Hatchback comes with a peppy 1342cc engine and a manual 4-speed. While the new, larger 1488cc 12-valve engine powers the deluxe Civic DX and also the sporty Civic S. These two come with a manual 5-speed shift.

But there is a new 3-speed automatic with a torque converter lock-up available

in the Civic DX Hatchback.

All three Civics have new interior features that must be seen and experienced in person to be fully appreciated. And they are all standard.

All things considered, the new line of Civics is one line you will love being handed.

HONDA
The New Civics

Michelob[®] Light

A rich, smooth taste you can
compare to any beer you like.

MICHELOB
Light

Superior Taste in a Light Beer

MICHELOB
Light



OFFICIAL BEVERAGE
OF THE 1996 OLYMPIC TEAM

Four different centers have taken a shot at replacing Ralph Sampson, and UVa games are no longer sellouts, but hey, the Cavaliers are still winning



Yes, Santa Claus, There Is A Virginia

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

Poiry, center No. 4, makes a Sampsonian block, but not even Saint Nick can bring him the wonderful gifts that departed along with Ralph.





At halftime of last Saturday's game between Virginia and North Carolina-Wilmington, somebody's strange idea of Santa Claus strolled out to center court and began giving away presents to a few of the boys and girls at University Hall. This wasn't a great looking Santa. For one thing, his whiskers. You might see better whiskers on Billy goats, and probably better bodies for that matter.

Edelfin has authentic Kareem goggles, but he's lacking seven inches and a skyhook.



His eyesight wasn't much better. With a little girl on his knee who kept insisting her name was Wendy, Santa turned to one of his helpers and asked in a heavy Southern drawl, "Does he get the TV? He gets the TV!" When Virginia Coach Terry Holland came back onto the floor a few minutes later, he found Santa shooting baskets with his players. Holland told him to scram.

But Santa was only trying to help. Ever since the loss last spring of 7'4" Ralph Sampson, three times the college Player of the Year, the center position has remained essentially open. Old Saint Nick probably just assumed he could play a little center for Virginia, unaware of the fact that the Cavaliers already have a little center. And a medium-sized one, too. In the wake of Ralph, Virginia has tried to fill the middle with a begoggled walk-on and a disgruntled walk-off. The latter had a broken heart, the former a broken face. One itinerant Virginia pivotman amazed his teammates by making solid objects vanish into thin air, another topped that by making himself disappear, possibly to the Bahamas, although no one can say for sure.

Still and all, if the question is whether there is life after Ralph, the answer is: Yes. Santa Claus, there is a Virginia, and at week's end it was undefeated. The yes is qualified, because Sampson's departure from Charlottesville has been the most celebrated—and painful—leave-taking since Thomas Jefferson died only months after the school he founded opened its doors in 1825. Sampson had remained steadfast in his devotion to Virginia, even as the pros pitched serious woo at him after each of his first three seasons there. When he was graduated last spring and signed a four-year, \$5 million contract with the Houston Rockets, subsequent Cavalier centers were destined to be measured against his 2,225 career points, 1,511 rebounds and 462 blocked shots.

Even if Sampson's career at Virginia was something less than a complete success because his teams never won a national championship, the Cavaliers and their fans were sad indeed to see him go. During his four years at The University, Virginia won 112 (of 135) games, more than any other school in the nation did from 1979 through '83. And through the

end of last season, the Cavs had been in the Top 10 on the charts for 49 consecutive weeks, longer than anyone except Michael Jackson. And Michael Jackson never played Chaminade, although if you hummed a few bars he could probably fake it.

One measure of Sampson's importance to Virginia was the way he closed down the middle defensively. Last year the Cavaliers' ACC opponents shot a better percentage against UVa from outside the conference's 17' 9" three-point stripe than they did from inside it. "For all the shots Ralph actually blocked," says Guard Ricky Stokes, "there were so many others that were never taken, the ones Ralph mentally blocked. He intimidated so."

When the Rockets played an exhibition game against the Washington Bullets at University Hall on Oct. 8, several NBC affiliates in Virginia were so eager to televise Sampson's second pro outing that they bumped a National League playoff game between the Phillies and the Dodgers, only switching back to the alleged

Having failed to conjure up a new Sampson, Miller the magician is now back at forward.

national pastime when the exhibition was over. The homecoming was a rocky one for Sampson, who picked up four quick fouls and shot 0 for 5 in the first quarter. "I'm not God," Ralph said later. "I'm a Houston Rocket." Well, there you have it. At least for the moment he isn't in last place in the NBA's Midwest Division.

The point wasn't lost on the Cavalier players that Sampson's return—an all but meaningless conditioning drill for the pros—was completely sold out, something that hasn't happened in five of Virginia's six home games this season. In fact, after 46 consecutive regular-season sellouts during Sampson's stay at UVa, the team's home opener against Lafayette on Nov. 25 drew a crowd of 6,883 in an arena that seats 9,000. Sampson's lingering presence haunted University Hall like a ghost, ranting around the empty seats and reminding people of how it once was.



The only tangible remnants of Ralph are the Sampson sandwiches at Littlejohn's.

"There had to be a letdown," says Stokes, the 5' 9 1/2" playmaker with size 13 1/2 feet who now occupies Sampson's old room on The Lawn, even if he can't quite fill Ralph's big shoes. "This team has always been Ralph Sampson and the Cavaliers. Now we have to get our own identity."

To some players, the indifferent fan reaction to their seven straight victories has been puzzling, to others downright galling. "I can't figure out the fans, to be quite honest," says Guard Rick Carlisle. "Maybe nobody's interested, I'm not sure." Ann Burnette, a third-year history major, says that all over The Grounds and down on The Corner where the students congregate, The University is withholding judgment on its basketball team. "They haven't really proved that they can beat good teams without Ralph yet," she says. "I think people are waiting to see how they do when the pressure's on." But for that very reason, of course, the pressure is already on the Cavaliers. "He was a great player, but he's gone now," says freshman Forward Tom Sheehy. "Some people can't accept that fact."

continued



Recruiting Sheehey was doggone tough

VIRGINIA continued

Anything less than great isn't tolerable. I didn't realize it was going to be this bad, but it is. So if they don't want to come to the games, that's fine. We'll play with nobody in the stands if we have to."

If it hasn't been easy for Virginia to come to terms with the lingering memories of Sampson, memories that Holland says have cast "a literally long shadow" over this year's team, replacing him on the court has been impossible. "You can't brush aside what Ralph did for four years in four months," says Kenton Edelin, the first man called upon to take Sampson's place. So rather than even try, the Cavaliers have gone through weeks of experimentation—four centers, two starting lineups, one suspension and a porridge in a pear tree.

As Sampson's backup for the past two seasons, the 6' 7" Edelin, who began his career in Charlottesville as a nonscholarship jayvee player, seemed like the logical choice to replace him when practice began in October. But after only seven days of workouts, Edelin took a brutal elbow to the face from teammate Dan Merrifield, and in the surgery that followed,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMSK

part of one of his ribs was implanted in his right cheek to put his shattered face back together. With that blow, the heir apparent gave way to the airhead apparent, senior Wingo Smith. Wingo, out of Indianapolis, Fla., the sleeper white hope who unfortunately was asleep during most of his time on the court, had no sooner gotten his shot at the job than he informed Holland he had to miss practice to attend a relative's funeral. When Wingo came back from the funeral with a suntan, gossip spread quickly among his teammates that he had spent the weekend vacationing in the Bahamas with friends. What Holland thought about all this he doesn't care to say, but Wingo subsequently left the team, citing personal problems. "I guess you could say I didn't really have the good attitude coming into this year," said Wingo last week, when reached at the home of his fiancée's parents in West Palm Beach.

That left the job to 6' 10" freshman Olden Polynice. The name Polynice is half French, half Greek, and the final syllable is pronounced neece, as in the city in France, not nice, as in "Wouldn't it be nice if this guy were Ralph Sampson." Born in Haiti, Polynice moved with his family to New York City when he was seven. His parents still speak to each other in French, Olden's first language, but he says that while he knows what they're saying, he can no longer speak French himself. Polynice grew up in project housing in Harlem on the site of the old

Polo Grounds. Nothing that happened to him there prepared him for trying to follow Sampson.

"All these people were telling me I'm replacing Ralph," Polynice says. "I had to stop and look at the situation and remind myself that I'm just another player who's coming after him. I don't even think I'm following him; I just came to the school after he left. It's just timing. In reality, nobody's replacing him because he can't be replaced. Virginia has a new center. The only thing is, nobody knows who that is right now."

Polynice may not like the idea of stepping in for Sampson, but he doesn't mind laying the burden off on Edelin. "Go ask Kenton how it feels to replace Ralph," Polynice says. "He's the one who's replacing him."

When Edelin returned from his injury the first week of December, he was wearing Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's backup goggles. Tom Newell, Virginia's radio color man, is a son of Pete Newell, a former general manager of the Los Angeles Lakers. Tom called the Lakers to ask where Abdul-Jabbar got his goggles, and they sent him a pair of Kareem's spares. "I told Kenton they're good for 20, 20 and six [points, rebounds and blocked shots]," says Newell. "Unfortunately, he thought I meant 20-20 vision and six missed free throws."

Last season Edelin shot 30% from the foul line, and he had to rally toward the end just to get there. "When you go from 22 to 30 percent, I don't think too many people notice the improvement," Holland said dryly during the preseason. "One reason he's not as aggressive offensively as we would like him to be is that he flat-out doesn't want to get fouled," Holland said in October. "A good offensive player wants to get fouled—that's money in the bank. For Kenton the exact opposite is true. Getting fouled amounts to a turnover for him."

The Cavaliers actually had junior Jim Miller, a forward, in the pivot for the first four games. Miller has been a magician since he was 12, and during the off-season he performs before groups throughout the state, specializing in sleight of hand. The neatest trick of all would have been to grow eight inches and make people forget about Sampson, but even Miller couldn't pull that one out of his hat. "For most of the season, people are going to relate to us with the loss

Holland: Is it better in the Bahamas?



of Ralph," Miller says. "We've made the adjustment as a team, but the fans still see Virginia as the team without Ralph."

Five games into the season, when Holland felt Polynice was ready to start, Miller was shifted back to forward, where he plays opposite Sheehy, the gifted 6' 8½" freshman who leads Virginia in scoring with 13 points a game. Sheehy was one of the most sought after high school seniors in the country last year, and Virginia spared no effort to land him. When Assistant Coach Dave Odom was taking Sheehy from his Rochester, N.Y. home to Charlottesville for his recruiting visit, their taxi ran over the Sheehy family's dog as they were leaving for the air-

port. "Tom grabbed my arm and said, 'My God, we've hit my dog!'" Odom says. "We're trying to make a good impression on the kid and we hit his dog, his life-long friend." When Sheehy leaped out of the taxi to aid the wounded pet, it bit him. "He pulls his hand away and blood is streaming down his arm," recalls Odom. "I say to myself, 'We've got no chance to get this kid now.'" Fortunately for Virginia, the dog survived. Perhaps someday Sheehy will introduce it to Holland's dog, a golden retriever bitch named Denn.



Stokes's 13½ is nearly 18 Ralph's shoes, but he can't fit Sampson's old doorway.

Wilson's back after a three-game suspension. Now he sometimes suspends himself.



Sheehy had 15 points in Saturday's 87-42 rout of UNC-Wilmington, a game in which Virginia scored more than enough points in the first half—44—to win. Othell Wilson, the Cavaliers' top scorer among the veterans, made his third appearance off the bench after a three-game suspension for lipping off to Holland in practice on Nov. 15 and then scored 11 points. Since his reinstatement Wilson has been a model of decorum, and along with Stokes and Carlisle, he enhances Virginia's strength in a surprising new area—the backcourt.

It might be equally surprising that Virginia is now 7-0. "If you had said before the season that Kenton and Othell were only going to play as many minutes as they have up to now," said Holland last week, "I'd have said, 'See you later. I'm going to the Bahamas.'"

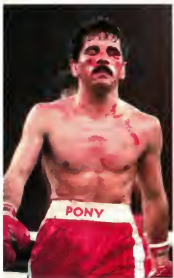
Virginia has resigned itself to living with Sampson's ghost, and the Cavaliers' gleaming record attests to the fact that they're happy with the ghost of Christmas present. It's the ghost of things yet to come that worries them. Cheer up, Virginia, there really is a Santa Claus. Just don't expect him to get you 20, 20 and six.

END

Zap! Pow! He's A Real-Life He-Man

With moves worthy of a cartoon character, bantamweight champ Jeff Chandler beat Oscar Muniz

by FRANZ LIDZ



Cuts cost Muniz his chance at the title.

Life, says Jeff Chandler, imitates cartoons. Certainly he does. The WBA's bantamweight champ was never more animated than last Saturday at the Sands Hotel in Atlantic City, where he kept his title with a technical knockout of Oscar Muniz in the seventh round of their rematch. In fact, Chandler appeared to conform to the Laws of Cartoon Motion, discovered some years ago by Mark O'Donnell, a New York writer whose laboratory was Saturday morning TV cartoon shows.

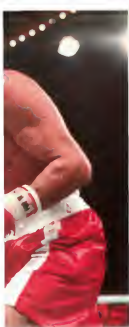
The opening round was proof of O'Donnell's Sixth Law: "As speed increases, objects can be in several places at once." Chandler was so quick that he seemed to hit Muniz three times with one punch from all four corners simultaneously. In any case, he stunned Muniz with an overhand right, a very serious punch for the 116½-pound Chandler, who had fooled around and lost a non-title bout to Muniz last July, his only defeat in 35 pro fights.

Chandler had signed for that over-the-weight match on a week's notice. He didn't train much and took his opponent

lightly. Clowning through the final round, Chandler lost a split decision. This time, with the title he had earned three years ago on the line, he got serious. "I wanted to feel him crumbling and crushing under my fists," Chandler said. "Before the first fight I was sleepwalking through the bantamweights. I'd been blowing guys out of the ring easier than you could say 'blow.' Beatin' up on dog-meat was boring. I felt like there was a log over my head with a saw going through it and Zs coming out."

The first Muniz fight followed O'Donnell's First Law: "Any body suspended in space will remain suspended until made aware of its situation," e.g., Wile E. Coyote doesn't fall until he realizes he's 10 feet off the edge of the cliff. "I never did get up for that fight," said Chandler.

"I dreamed I was winning, but really I was just stepping off a cliff. In the 10th round I got my wake-up call. Then I heard the crowd boo me, and I thought, 'Whaaa?' Suddenly—pfft!—and then I dropped to the other side of the world. I fell all the way to Japan, and just when I was about to flatten into a pancake, I did



When Muniz pressed the attack, Chandler kept out of danger by slipping and sliding.

Chandler applied the Ninth Law of Cartoon Motion—"For every vengeance there is an equal and opposite revengeance"—in the Muniz rematch, "By losing I found I was a lot more sensitive than I thought," said Chandler. "All of a sudden I was Joltin' Jeff Chandler, the clown. No one wants to idolize a clown." After that first-round overhand right, which Muniz thought had broken his jaw, Chandler opened a cut above Muniz' left eye in the second. Following their first fight Muniz had to be sewn up with 22 stitches. This time it took 10. In the fourth round Chandler opened another cut, in Muniz' right cheek. Referee Vincent Rainone halted the fight 23 seconds into Round 7 when the eyelid cut reopened. That's all, folks.

After being cut, Muniz set Chandler up in the third with a left and staggered him with a chopping right. But Muniz could never get his inside attack going. He tried to upset Chandler's rhythm by working him laterally, but the Philadelphian was as supple as pretzel dough, slipping nearly everything thrown his way and keeping Muniz backing up.

Chandler's training routine for the fight included watching the cartoon *He-Man* with Tahem and Samech, the children of his fiancée, Julianne Savoy. "Jeff

is a cartoon fiend," says Julianne. "He'd sit around with Tahem and discuss who was stronger, he or He-Man."

"Those kids don't talk about Batman or Superman," says the 27-year-old Chandler. "It's always He-Man, He-Man. But their idol is definitely the Joltin'. I'm one of those real-life superheroes, the kind that says, 'Quiet. Lie down. Go to sleep.' He-Man never says that to them."

Muniz, who's 28, grew up in East Los Angeles. He came into the fight with a 37-3-3 record, all three losses the result of split decisions. Still, until he beat Chandler, Muniz wasn't in the Top 10 of either the WBA or the WBC, though he was ranked No. 3 by *The Ring* magazine.

Muniz is co-managed by Ed Sobel, a Los Angeles office supply wholesaler, and Sobel's brother, Howard Storm, a Borscht Belt comic turned television director. Storm flew in Saturday on the red-eye from L.A., where he was completing a version of *The Three Little Pigs* for *Faerie Tale Theatre*. "One of these runs will turn into the Big Bad Wolf," Storm said of the two fighters. He was right. Chandler huffed and puffed and blew Muniz away.

Chandler won the fight with only subdued support from his manager, onetime vaudeville hooper K.O. Becky O'Neill, who went to the fight with a bandage around her head. "My house exploded," she explained. Police believe a defective gas meter caused the explosion and subsequent fire on Dec. 10 in which K.O. suffered first-degree burns while salvaging Chandler's championship belt. "You could smell the smoke on the belt in the dressing room," said her husband, Willie O'Neill, Chandler's trainer. "It was still sizzling."

Chandler was gracious in victory. He embraced Muniz and praised his gallantry. "Oscar is a great bantamweight," Chandler said. "Jeff is a great bantamweight champion," Muniz said.

"I was rock and Oscar was paper," offered Chandler. "He was big enough to cover me the first time, but the second time, I smashed myself into him and ripped right through him. My forward progress stopped his momentum."

As O'Donnell says, "Any body in motion will tend to remain in motion until solid matter intervenes suddenly." **END**

my Popeye number—pulled out the spinach and came out with my fists blazing." In his next fight, in Tokyo in September, Chandler knocked down No. 1 contender Eljoro Murata five times before the referee stopped it in the 10th round.

Chandler once played the clown against Muniz, but now he was serious—and victorious.





Dr. Z Lets You Know Who's Really All-Pro

Our resident expert weighs the strengths and weaknesses of all the NFL's leading players and picks the best of the best **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

I've lined up my 1983 All-Pro team in a 3-4 defense. The reason is that most NFL teams play it. The real reason is that there are more good linebackers around than defensive tackles or middle guards. The two most crowded positions these days, from a talent standpoint, are outside linebacker and center. Almost every team has one of All-Pro or near All-Pro

caliber. To include an extra outside linebacker, I moved the Giants' Lawrence Taylor to the inside, a position he played in the middle part of this season while Harry Carson was hurt. Yeah, I know, it's a copout. But it would just be too painful to leave one of these outside guys off.

Once upon a time, center was the place where you hid a weak sister. No

more. The middle guards and odd front defenses have placed greater stress on the center position, with the result that we've entered the Golden Age of centers. Never have there been more good ones playing at one time. Dwight Stephenson of Miami was my pick last year. He's still playing at very high efficiency, but this year the Steelers' Mike Webster has reclaimed the position. He came to camp 10 pounds lighter and he honed and perfected his old drive-blocking skills. No one has ever played NFL center better than Webster did this year.

John Hannah remains an easy pick at guard. The heart of the Patriots' offense is the running game, and Hannah once again is the key man. My other guard may surprise some people: 36-year-old Ed White. He has been taken for granted all these years, not watched closely



In the face of outside-linebacker gridlock, Dr. Z selected the Giants' Taylor inside.

enough. People have always raved about White's pass-blocking skills, but he has also been one of the NFL's best drive-blockers for years. The Chargers aren't bashful about having White pull out and lead on screen passes or on one of Chuck Muncie's sweeps. Washington's Russ Grimm is a corner, Miami's Ed Newman and Atlanta's R.C. Thielmann are close behind.

In his third NFL season, the Redskins' Joe Jacoby has turned into a terrifying force at tackle, a mobile 298-pounder who has no problem pulling out to trap on the opposite side. He also has a mean streak, maybe because he came to the pros as a free agent. Keith Fahnhorst of the 49ers is another one of those loyal soldiers who has labored in relative ob-

scurity for years and who's now having his finest season after nine years in the trenches. He has tamed some of the best defensive ends in the league. Close behind this pair is the Patriots' Brian Holloway, a formidable fire-out blocker, but not quite in a class with Fahnhorst and Jacoby as a pass blocker. Dallas' Jim Cooper is probably the league's most underrated tackle.

The tight-end pick goes to the Raiders' Todd Christensen. His massive stats—92 catches, 12 TDs—overshadow those of Cleveland's Ozzie Newsome (89 catches, six TDs), who would have been an All-Pro in a normal year. Christensen was Jim Plunkett's bail-out receiver, his third-and-eight man. Kellen Winslow is a fine player, but he built his stats this year (88 catches, eight TDs) on one 14-catch game. He just didn't have the year Newsome and Christensen had.

Quarterback was one of the easier



Andrews shines as an all-purpose All-Pro.

picks on the board. The marriage of Joe Theismann and Joe Gibbs's offense seems to have been ordained by a higher power, bringing together the natural devily of both parties. The most interesting part of Theismann's performance this year—276 completions, 60.1%, 29 TDs—was his low interception rate (2.4%), particularly because he's a quarterback who isn't afraid to gamble. Dan Marino is the future Joe Namath, a guy who can snap off those 40-yard rainbows with a flick of the wrist, the way Joe Willie once did.

L.A. Rams rookie Eric Dickerson leads the pack of runners. To put Dickerson's contribution in perspective, simply look at his pass-catching numbers. He caught 51 in 16 games. O.J. Simpson (1973), Earl Campbell

continued

Dickerson's 1,808 yards rushing is the fourth-highest total in history.



(1980) and Jim Brown (1963) are the only NFL players ever to rush for more than the 1,808 yards Dickerson gained this year, and their combined catch total in those seasons was 41. Our other running-back spot goes to Atlanta's William Andrews, a thundering ballcarrier who also figures heavily in the passing game. I would rate Washington's John Riggs and his remarkable single-season record of 24 TDs just a shade behind. Why he wasn't selected to the Pro Bowl squad remains one of the great mysteries. Curt Warner of Seattle had a fine year, but he'll have to wait his turn.

I had six names bunched in my wide-receiver derby: Washington's Charlie Brown, St. Louis' Roy Green, San Francisco's Dwight Clark, Green Bay's James Lofton, Cincinnati's Cris Collinsworth and Seattle's Steve Largent. Mike Quick of Philly and the Giants' Earnest Gray had good numbers, but they weren't finalists. Too many dropped passes. I settled on Green and Brown on the basis of week-by-week evaluation with the other four—what they accomplished in each game and the significance of each contest. Clark, our player of the year in '82, was the closest, but he labored under tight double coverage all year, which



Allegre's clutch performances elevated the Colts.

kept his numbers down. Lofton was the No. 1 long-ball threat (22.4 yards per catch), but he lacked consistency.

On defense, the ends posed a prob-

lem—specifically, how do you keep Miami's Doug Betters off the team after the year he had (16 sacks)? It's a shame, but the Raiders' Howie Long had an equally big year, and was as sturdy against the run as the pass. The Jets' Mark Gastineau, the AFC's leading sacker, with 19, was a target for TV commentators this year. They were always telling you how he was overplaying the pass, at the expense of the run, but then their isolated camera would catch him stopping the ballcarrier for a yard loss. Maybe Gastineau's techniques aren't perfect yet, but nobody hustled as much as he did—for a full afternoon. No, I don't go for the sack dance either, but give the guy credit. He played great this year.

I don't think the Cowboys' Randy White would like lining up in the middle-guard position. That's tough. When my team takes the field against the Canadian Football League All-Stars, that's where he'll be. He should be used to getting triple-teamed anyway. Opposing blockers figured out a new scheme for White this year—the pinball technique. Instead of the old routine in which two guys just lie all over him, one guy now gives White a shot and passes him off to the second guy, who pops him one, while the first guy recoils for another go. There's usually a third guy waiting for mop-up duty, if White manages to filter through. Nevertheless, he had a big year, one of his best ever. If I had gone with a 4-3, my other tackle would have been the Skins' Dave Butz, who put together his finest season.

I think I felt more empathy for Tampa Bay's defensive unit than for any other group in pro football this year. It was like watching a band of heroic fire fighters going down in an inferno. Hugh Green, the Bucs' right outside backer, was worn down during the season. At the end he was playing hurt and punchy, but people still stayed away from his side, and that was after Lee Roy Selmon, in front of him, went down with a groin pull. My other outside linebacker, for the third straight year, is Mad Dog Douglass of the Packers. I'm sorry he doesn't exactly get

continued



A thou-shalt-not pass blocker, Ed White is also one of the NFL's best drive-blockers.



ARE AMERICAN BRANDY DRINKERS GETTING FRIVOLOUS?

It wasn't some fancy bottle that sold more of The Christian Brothers than any other brandy in America over the last forty years. Christian Brothers never had one. Still, this time every year something funny happens. We put The Christian Brothers in a fancy gift box. And American brandy drinkers buy even more of it.

Just being frivolous? Or maybe in a burst of good will, American brandy drinkers are using the season to enlighten their friends. Letting the gift box introduce a taste so silken smooth it needs no fancy wrapping the rest of the year.

You wouldn't call that frivolous.

Just remarkably generous.



CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. AMERICA'S BRANDY.

WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTORS FROMM AND SCHILL, INC. (SAN FRANCISCO) CALIFORNIA U.S.A. BRANDY 80 PROOF



From Germany, the new Audi 5000S luxury sedan



Over the years, Audi has developed a reputation for putting its advanced designs on the road while other car makers were still on the drawing board.

The new Audi 5000S sedan and wagon are no exception.

Having recently introduced the 5000S sedan—the automobile voted Europe's "Car of The Year"—Audi engineers then redefined the very concept of a wagon.

The result? An automobile that, like the sedan, is reshaping the world's thinking about automotive design. An automobile so

advanced in its styling, there's some question as to whether it should be called a "wagon."

The Aerodynamics Of An Exotic Sports Car. All of the advanced styling and engineering concepts of the Audi 5000S sedan have been incorporated into the 5000S wagon.

A drag coefficient of only 0.35 results not only in one of the most "air slippery" designs ever conceived, but in the kind of performance more normally associated with sophisticated sports cars.

Engineered For Speed And Agility. Acceleration for both cars is brisk: 0 to 50 mph in just 8.0 seconds for the sedan, 8.4 seconds for the wagon.

Tracking and directional control are outstanding, even in strong crosswinds. Handling, cornering and general maneuverability are astounding for cars of this size and type—the result of Audi's leadership in front-wheel-drive technology and high-performance suspensions.

Advanced Design Has Its Practical Side. If the staid, utilitarian image of conven-

This year's auto shows will feature
a number of stunningly aerodynamic
prototypes you can't buy.

And two you can.



and wagon.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. †Low. ‡Best-in-class. †††Optional 5-year/50,000-mile warranty. ††††Optional 5-year/50,000-mile warranty.

ional wagons has kept you from buying one, the new Audi wagon is well worth your consideration.

Inherent in its dramatic styling is a wealth of carrying space. With either or both rear seats folded down, it provides a carpeted expanse over six and one-half feet in length. The tailgate opens flush with the rear deck for easy loading. Beneath the rear deck is additional hidden storage space.

The interiors of both the sedan and wagon are supremely luxurious and handsomely equipped with full instrumentation

including our new, computerized Auto Check System.

To enhance the feeling of luxury, gracefully curved windows mounted flush with the roofline all but eliminate wind noise.

Exceptional Automobiles Deserve An Exceptional Warranty. Road tested over 3.2 million kilometers in Europe, Africa and North America, the new Audi 5000S automobiles have proven themselves to be of such high quality and reliability, we have covered them with an outstanding new 24

month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. See your local Porsche Audi dealer for complete details.

Totally innovative in design and engineering, and priced at only \$16,480* for the sedan and \$17,480* for the wagon, the new Audis may well be today's best automotive values.

The proof is in the test drive. For your nearest dealer call toll-free (800) 447-4700. **PORSCHE · AUDI**

Audi: the art of engineering.

Introducing CENTURY

Taste that delivers

IN THE MONEY SAVING

25 pack



Not available in all areas.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine
FILTER: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Gastineau was more than a dancing fool.

along with his coach, Bart Starr, who sat him down for a week. I'm sorry none of the other pickers like him, Al I can say is, he played like hell every time I saw him. I wish I could have four more picks at this position. Then the Jets' Lance Mehl would make it, and so would Cleveland's Chip Banks, St. Louis' E.J. Junior and the Raiders' Rod Murin.

Jack Lambert still gets his shirt dirty in the middle of the Steelers' meat grinder. We'll keep picking him until someone else demonstrates his superiority. The Giants' Lawrence Taylor was almost as effective in the middle as he was on the outside. Midway through the season he asked Coach Bill Parcells to let him play on special teams. Request granted. Then he asked for a turn on offense, too—at tight end. Request denied. Next thing you know, Taylor will be wanting to cover the games from the press box. Gosh, I forget. He wouldn't talk to sportswriters most of this season. Sorry.

Everson Walls of the Cowboys was an easy pick at one cornerback. "But he's gotten beat deep this year," one scout told me. Hey, so has everyone else. He still has the best break to the hall of any of them. Cincinnati's Ken Riley retired Sun-

day after 15 years of service. He has never been picked for a Pro Bowl team. Is this fair? No. They leave him in tight coverages. He doesn't chicken out. He clamps on receivers, makes big plays, gets beat occasionally. He's not afraid... an old-style corner back. Welcome to SF's All-Pro team. Our apologies to the Broncos' Louis Wright, who had an outstanding year. Ditto Raymond Clayborn of the Patriots. Watch the Lions' Bruce McNorton, a name for the future.

They tried to talk me out of my strong-safety pick, Mark Cooney of the Bucs. Who's "they"? Just everybody. Sorry, he's my man. I saw him knocking his brains out too many times in hopeless causes. Granted, Seattle's Kenny Easley has more talent, and the Rams' Nolan Cromwell is more disciplined, but Cooney's my type of player. Ditto the Cards' Lee Nelson, another guy who never gets picked for much of anything. Free safety was easy. Deron Cherry burst onto the Kansas City scene like a rocket, after



Center Webster excels in the Golden Age.

Gary Barbero held out and then departed for the USFL. Even the Pro Bowl selectors, who avoid new guys like the plague, recognized that.

Picking kickers this year was almost like rolling dice. Percentages were shockingly high. You could choose any of half a dozen and not be wrong. For me it came down to Baltimore's Raul Allegre (30 of 35) against Giants rookie Ali Haje-Sheikh (35 of 42), a pair of long-range gunners. Allegre gets the nod on the basis of come-through performances in crucial situations; he's responsible for five of his team's seven wins.

New England Punter Rich Camarillo is a repeater. The interesting thing is that both Rohn Stark of the Colts and Camarillo, who finished one-two in gross average, played in bad weather conditions. Camarillo's averages, both gross 44.6 and net 37.1, are amazing in that he seldom gets a chance to boot for the distance—he must position his kicks—whereas Stark is allowed to let 'em fly.

As for Coach of the Year, Gibbs is the obvious choice, the 'Skins became the first NFC team to win 14 games in a season. But winning the Super Bowl is only half the battle. Keeping up the pace is the real struggle.

END

DR. Z's ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

WIDE RECEIVER—CHARLIE BROWN, Washington

TACKLE—JOE JACKEY, Washington

GUARD—JOHN HANNAH, New England

CENTER—MIKE WEBSTER, Pittsburgh

GUARD—ED WHITEL, San Diego

TACKLE—KELIE FAHNHORST, San Francisco

TIGHT END—TODD CHRISTENSEN, L.A. Raiders

WIDE RECEIVER—ROY GREEN, St. Louis

QUARTERBACK—JOE THELMAINS, Washington

RUNNING BACK—ERIK DIKERSON, L.A. Rams

RUNNING BACK—WILLIAM ANDERS, Atlanta

DEFENSE

END—MARK GASTINEAU, N.Y. Jets

MIDDLE GUARD—TACKLE—RANDY WHITE, Dallas

END—HOWIE LONG, L.A. Raiders

OUTSIDE LINEBACKER—HUGH GREEN, Tampa Bay

INSIDE LINEBACKER—LAWRENCE TAYLOR, N.Y. Giants

INSIDE LINEBACKER—JACK LAMBERT, Pittsburgh

OUTSIDE LINEBACKER—MIKE DOUGLASS, Green Bay

CORNERBACK—KEN RILEY, Cincinnati

CORNERBACK—EVERSON WALLS, Dallas

STRONG SAFETY—MARK COONEY, Tampa Bay

FREE SAFETY—DERON CHERRY, Kansas City

SPECIALISTS

KICKER—RAUL ALLEGRE, Baltimore

PUNTER—RICH CAMARILLO, New England

PLAYER OF THE YEAR—ERIK DIKERSON, L.A. Rams

COACH OF THE YEAR—JOE GIBBS, Washington

What a glorious conceit it is to pick a Sportsman of the Year. Can anyone really study the ranks of different champions and record setters and know who did the best? Are not victorious golfers, hurdlers and tennis players ultimately apples and oranges? Even more presumptuous is judging who came closest to attaining private potential, for that might be, remember, an athlete who didn't come near winning. Perhaps most arrogant of all is to proclaim which athlete serves the rest of us as the most luminous example.

SHE RUNS AND WE ARE LIFTED

But, Lord, we want to. Who follows sport, who understands competition, who does not care to know an overall winner? At year's end, we almost involuntarily return to those few moments when an athlete's movement and personality joined to lift us into ecstatic assent, be it partisan, esthetic or moral.

We know what we like. We know how we feel. In 1983 we honor Mary Decker as our Sportswoman of the Year. We do so for her dramatic double victory in the 1,500 and 3,000 meters in the first World Championships of track and field, in Helsinki; for coming to hold all seven American records from 800 through 10,000 meters; for breaking, over the past two years, seven world records—an unprecedented feat both in terms of absolute number and in the span of distances over which those marks were achieved—and for being undefeated this year in 20 finals, on tracks indoors (three) and outdoors (16) and on the undis-

by **Kenny Moore**

continued

Decker has found sanctuary in the sheltering arms of Stoney, who has been called "Britain's strongest man."



SPORTSWOMAN

continued



As Zaitseva, the Soviet champ, jumped for the line, Decker won the 1,500 World Championship.

plined surface of a road, an unrivaled and masterly accomplishment.

We also honor her for the devotion that sustained her through 14 years of effort and injury and renewed effort, after which she still has not had the chance to participate in an Olympic Games. It is a remarkably long period, yet she is but 25, and by no means is her career completed; we look forward to what is still to come. But we are drawn to her, ultimately, for the jubilant response her running has evoked in us, for her being ineffably but indelibly charismatic.

Decker is moved by a competitive yearning that rises from so deep in her character that it connects with her will to be loved. Since she was a child, she has tried to transform her hunger for comforting approval into dominating athletic performance. In 1983, she succeeded supremely. Not coincidentally, she found a sanctuary in the reassuring embrace of British discus thrower Richard Slaney. Seeing her there, so majestically rewarded, is satisfying, seeming so signify that her compelling wish to please has come true, even if it is her own feeling that there are miles to go before she can be truly content.

America has always adored Mary Decker, though for shifting reasons. When she was 15 and 89 pounds and in braces and pigtails, she was Little Mary Decker. When she threw a relay baton at a Soviet runner who cut her off in an indoor meet in Moscow, she was applauded for her spunk, for what it foretold. And she didn't like that one bit.

"I always wanted to be accepted in running," she says now. The braces are gone, but at 5' 6", 108 pounds she is still not too far removed from the "Little Mary" of the observer's mind. "I wanted to prove to people that I was noteworthy because of my performance, not for simply being young."

Or beautiful, or sexy, or our only hope against an Eastern European juggernaut, which were, and are, some of the succeeding reasons she later won affectionate regard from her countrymen. No, de-

spite her willing acceptance of being all that and more, she holds that running for its own sake has been her constant aim, her deepest solace. "It was a means to early approval," she says. "It was therapy in the rough times, but mainly it was just such a great physical joy that I know I was born to run. Thinking back over the days in Helsinki, I don't think I did what I did for anyone but me.

"Besides," she goes on, "if winning was for other things, then anyone could have won, whoever had the greatest cause or deepest obligation . . . or something." She doesn't conclude the thought, because that wasn't the way it happened. What happened was that the best runner won.

Decker went into the Helsinki championships with an odd lack of support from track and field's experts. She had

set 11 world and American records in 1982, but had never seemed to race well in the few chances she'd had at the best Europeans. In 1980, Tatyana Kazankina of the Soviet Union had beaten her by nearly seven seconds in setting the 1,500 world record of 3:52.47. That defeat remains a memory, says Decker, "as clear as yesterday."

Bob Hersh of *Track & Field News* had not even picked her to win a spot on the Helsinki team, believing her too susceptible to injury, and guessing that the emotional turmoil surrounding a separation from her husband, Ron Tabb, would make her even more vulnerable, particularly after Tabb made the marathon team for Helsinki.

Too, Decker had so dominated American women's running that she seldom had had a close contest. Surely she would

be unprepared for the rough, tactical races she would have to run in the World Championships. Even when forging on to her records, she had never demonstrated a blazing kick.

So Helsinki was a revelation. The 3,000 was first. Decker avoided any chance of being imprisoned in a jostling pack by at once seizing the lead. A phalanx of the best women in the world on her heels didn't exactly cause her to emotionally disintegrate. "It was a good feeling, compared to being way out in front," she says. "You can't make mistakes, and you sure keep alert. It seemed no time at all until we were coming up to the last lap."

With 600 meters to go she began a gradual acceleration that left only one

continued

In the Helsinki 3,000, Decker withstood the challenge of another strong Soviet, Kazankina (451).



SPORTSWOMAN

continued

runner able to challenge as they entered the stretch—the redoubtable Kazankina, three times an Olympic champion, at 800 and 1,500 meters in Montreal and at 1,500 in Moscow.

Kazankina loomed alongside with 50 meters to run. Decker "took a deep breath, relaxed and went," outkicking her by four meters.

then I worried about being disqualified, too. I was conscious of the U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. thing there a little. But it's lucky I didn't have a relay baton this time. I might have thrown it again."

Zaitseva wasn't finished. With 170 meters left, she bolted past Decker and, too sharply, bore in to the rail. Decker had no choice but to back off to avoid

contact. "It was a mistake, letting her cut me off," says Decker. "But I didn't want to have to make a sudden move. I stay more relaxed if I move into my sprint gradually. So I had to let her get a little lead, and then she surprised me by cutting in."

Decker had two yards to regain as they hit the stretch. She still needed one with 20 meters to go, but Zaitseva was tying up. Decker drew even with 10 meters left, shut her eyes and drove herself all out. "I lost my temper," she says. "I caught her because I was so angry." Zaitseva threw herself at the line, fell spectacularly and finished the race on her left side (see cover).

Decker strode across the finish upright, opened her eyes and coasted to a stop, her expression blank. "I hadn't seen her fall," she says. "My eyes had been shut. I didn't know I'd won until I saw the replay on the scoreboard." Even then she was not observably rapturous. Her expression was less of triumph than justice restored. "The only way of getting back at her was to win."

That done, and a cooling victory lap taken, Decker immediately turned her full attention to doing it all over again, and better, at the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. In her postrace interview

continued



The domestic Decker: At her home in Eugene, she stitches pillowcases and whips up a salmon dinner with Staney.

"Until that moment," says Hersh along with many others, "we never knew how good Mary Decker was."

The poetic climax came four days later in the 1,500. Again, Decker led, but this time less tranquilly. The Soviet champion, Zamira Zaitseva, used every trick known to wily milers to break Decker's concentration. "She hit me practically every stride the whole way," recalls Decker. "Not obviously, but just brushing elbows, touching shoes."

It had its effect. "I thought about taking a swing at her, but



The FILA Thunderbird.

Its design...elegant.

Subtle accents and understated colors mark the difference between the FILA Thunderbird and any other car on the road. Inspired by the world-famous Italian designed sportswear, FILA, our latest edition of Thunderbird is truly special. Contoured power seats, power windows, an AM/FM stereo cassette player, speed control and leather-wrapped steering wheel are just some of the standard features that make the FILA Thunderbird as comfortable as it is beautiful.

Its performance...athletic.

The FILA Thunderbird is a car whose performance fulfills the promise of its appearance. With a 3.8 liter V-6 engine, special handling suspension, and Goodyear Eagle HR performance radial tires the FILA Thunderbird handles the road with graceful ease.

Get it together —
Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford...
lately?



she allowed that it was wonderful to be the first-ever world champion in her events, but that people had to understand she had missed the 1976 Games in Montreal with injury, missed 1980 in Moscow through boycott, and that she had been brought up from the age of 10 near Los Angeles. "It just seems perfect," she says now.

To the observer it was Decker herself who'd seemed perfect. She'd run smarter, faster and tougher than anyone else. Her races had provided riveting images. Indeed, months later her Athletics West coach, Dick Brown, says, "I continue to be amazed at the number of people, not necessarily track fans, who come up to

lovers. There has always seemed a schism in her nature, between Decker in competitive flight, controlling things—"I am more comfortable on the track: I have more confidence there than in anything else in my life"—and Decker the rest of the time, buffeted by circumstance. It has been easy to doubt Decker's competitive force, to get it mixed up with her constant requests for reassurance, with her need to depend on a good support team.

The roots of this are in her very early experience, in a family not constructed to supply her with unconditional love. During her first 10 years, in Bunnvale, N.J., Mary's parents, John and Jacqueline Decker, in her recollection, "were never

Seeking acceptance outside her family led Decker, at 11, to running. Her need to please combined with her prodigious natural talent to produce, first, a host of junior and open records, and then, as she raced too much and trained too hard, a succession of injuries. In early 1975 she developed fiery pain in her shins. Casts, therapy and rest helped not a whit. It wasn't until mid-1977, with the Montreal Olympics long past, that New Zealand's 5,000-meter world-record holder, Dick Quax, met Decker and told her of an operation that had saved him from the same pain, which was the result of the then newly diagnosed "compartment syndrome." It occurs when the muscles have grown too big for their surrounding sheaths. After a surgeon sliced through the confining membranes, Decker was running free in less than a month.

She has had that operation performed twice more by now, as well as surgery on an Achilles tendon. In 1977 she was in two auto accidents. In 1979 a fall tore a muscle in her back and wiped out half her year. She suffered from plantar fasciitis (an inflamed connective tissue on the bottom of her right foot) in 1980. In 1981, having just left the hospital after her third shin operation, she went to a Jackson Browne concert in Eugene, Ore., someone accidentally bumped into her crutches and she fell on both fresh incisions, which made for a long, worrisome recovery.

Yet Decker does not seem to be classically accident-prone. She is deft in movement and concentrates on what she's doing. Rather, she seems, like Gus Grissom or Gerald Ford, one to whom Things Happen. It happened again this year when a truck rear-ended her car, and she spent the spring with a sore neck.

The effect of all these hurts was to accentuate Decker's need for others, for the comforting word, the hug. She depended on Quax for all that, and coaching, too, until 1980.

She then worked for a time with retired Oregon Coach Bill Bowerman, who felt honored to be entrusted with her talent and a little burdened with her temperament. Bowerman, in the mode of a good teacher, wants his runners to strive for independence. He is superb as a counselor, a statesman of principles, but he didn't have the time to offer daily sup-

continued

THE DECKER RECORD

INDOORS

Distance	Time	Date	Place	Type
800 meters	1:58.9	2/22/80	San Diego	American
880 yards	1:59.7	2/22/80	San Diego	World
1,000 yards	2:23.8	2/3/78	Inglewood, Calif.	World
1,500 meters	4:00.8	2/8/80	New York City	World
1 mile	4:20.5	2/19/82	San Diego	World
2,000 meters	5:51.1	2/5/82	Inglewood	American
3,000 meters	8:47.3	2/5/82	Inglewood	World
2 miles	9:31.7	1/21/83	Los Angeles	World

OUTDOORS

800 meters	1:57.6	7/31/83	Gateshead, England	American
1,500 meters	3:57.12	7/26/83	Stockholm	American
1 mile	4:18.08	7/9/82	Paris	American
2,000 meters	5:38.9	7/7/82	Oslo	American
3,000 meters	8:29.71	7/7/82	Oslo	American
5,000 meters	15:08.26	6/5/82	Eugene, Ore.	World
10,000 meters	31:35.3	7/16/82	Eugene	American

ROAD

10,000 meters	31:52	5/1/83	Eugene	American
---------------	-------	--------	--------	----------

say, "I get goose bumps or I get tears in my eyes when I think about it."

And even at Helsinki she was affirming that her greatest victories yet weren't going to dilute her lifelong Olympic passion, which seemed to raise a question of perception. How was it that an athlete of such ability and balance hadn't been able to be seen for what she was until then?

Because the rest of what she was got in the way. Decker, more than any other runner, blooms in partnership with others, with coaches, with close friends, with

close. In 1978 Mary was quoted in this magazine as saying, "The atmosphere was dominated by my mother. My father is a very quiet person. My mother is a very quiet one." Though chagrined, Jacqueline Decker did not challenge the truth of that assertion, and we can see the characters of both parents contending in Mary still. She can be demanding. She can be shyly coy. She can show an explosive temper. She can sit all evening at the feet of a friend and not say anything, just smile and let the talk wash over her.



"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless





**TO CATCH UP TO MICHELIN'S
THE PAST 3 YEARS, #2 WOULD
THE PROBLEM IS, THERE AREN'T**



FILA
MICHELIN

RECORD IN GRAND PRIX RACING FOR HAVE TO WIN 14 MORE RACES THIS YEAR. ANY LEFT.

Oh well, there's always next year. But if next year is anything like the past three years, #2 will be out of the picture again.

Because during that time Michelin has won more Formula 1 races than any other tire company.

Including 1983, when Nelson Piquet drove his Brabham-BMW to the Formula 1 Grand Prix World Championship. On Michelin Formula 1 radials.

The only driver to come close to Piquet? Alain Prost, in his Renault, who finished a close second overall. Also on Michelines.

Is it any wonder? We introduced radials to Formula 1 racing. And they've left their mark through the most demanding courses, brutal weather and blistering speeds.

Unlike #2, we make only radials. They're all we concentrate on. So you can expect yours to perform as well on the road as our F1's do on the race track.

Next year, #2 will be racing on radials for the first time.

They probably figure, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.



MICHELIN. WE PUT GRAND PRIX ON RADIALS.

15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR '83.

© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

CAMEL

FILTERS



Experience
the Camel taste in
Camel Filters.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SPORTSWOMAN

continued



Brown, the coach who has become a father to Decker, uses calipers to measure her body fat.

port. With a hint of impatience, he realized Decker needed more, and a transfer was arranged.

Brown, an expert in running physiology and director of Athletics West, took over her coaching, though he continued to consult with Bowerman. The progressive acceleration by which Decker controlled the Helsinki 3,000 was a Bowerman suggestion.

But it was Brown, a man described by all who know him as beneficently soothing, who assumed the role of constant aide. Decker, who is candid about her psyche, goes right to the heart of it. "He was so calming, so confident in me that he was like a father, and when you've had a family background like mine . . . that's wonderful."

Brown shrank not at all from this. "I could understand how people might have seen her as a spoiled brat, but I knew she wasn't. She's done well with all the attention that's been shown her all her life, but through it all, she's really been searching for a family."

Brown's coaching was the essence of confidence. "If we keep you healthy," he

told Decker, "no one can beat you." He began monitoring Decker's every reaction to training, in blood-cell count, body fat, hours of sleep. Always he urged caution and consistency. That was the physical foundation of her present success. And by this summer, he knew her pretty well, too.

"She's matured so much," he says in a tone that can only be called paternal. "On the plane to Helsinki she giggled the whole way. That meant to me that she was starting to get a little hyper. There were days to go yet before her preliminary races. There was the danger of her depleting her reserves. I said only, 'When you're giggling, I know you're dripping the adrenaline out.' She responded, calmed right down, and . . . well, you saw how she controlled her emotions in the races."

Decker took on more family in September 1981 when she married Ron Tabb. It did seem that Tabb, cheerful, energetic, a gifted but until then erratic marathoner, was the one guy who could set aside his own career to help Decker.

Of course, this would be no contempo-

rary, 50-50, mutual-support kind of marriage. All Mary's friends understood that. She'd given fits to more than one suitor with her expectations that they run with her, plan races with her, travel with her, negotiate agreements for her and sometimes just love her like the little girl she always was at heart. When that had been too much for them, she had been quick to look elsewhere.

Decker did benefit from Tabb's support, his reinforcement of Brown's cautions on mileage and speed. He was there at every one of her world-record races in 1982. But it seems that try as he might, he wasn't the guy. His constant nearness began to wear on Decker.

The problem, oversimplified, was that Tabb got a little crazy after Decker's races. The perhaps inevitable reaction of a good athlete to becoming a supporting player came out in a hurtful inconsistency. "He was unhappy with me if I ran well because I got so much attention," Decker said last spring (a judge mercifully threw a gag order over both parties last month; their divorce was to become final Dec. 23). "And he was unhappy if I ran poorly, because I ran poorly. I felt I couldn't win."

So she left. As it had to be, failure at love was a wrench to her, and she showed it. Her weight dropped below 100 pounds. Tears would come at odd times.

Then, in New York in February to receive an award for her run of records, she met Slaney, a friend of a friend. She had a sore back. As athletes do, she asked him to crack it. Then she paused, and said, "You won't hurt me, will you?" Never was there a more sensible question, because Slaney is 6' 7" and weighs 290 and does not strike most people as entirely sweet-tempered.

And never was there a better answer, because Slaney, touched, has taken care of her ever since.

Decker has lived in Eugene for five years. She's pretty much given up her BMW 320i for a Jeep. Her hillside house, which is not sumptuous, speaks of a love of order, a congenial domesticity. A visitor is likely to find her sewing pillowcases or mending one of Slaney's shirts. There is a warm fire, cushiony furniture and friendly animals (cats Tigger and Jezabel, and a Rottweiler named Samantha). On a shelf, among a glittering welter of the tro-

continued

SPORTSWOMAN

continued

phies Mary has won, rests a silver tray awarded to Slaney by the British meat industry for being BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN.

He ought to get another one for the clarity of his views on Decker. "He is the first to be impressed with Mary not as a runner, but as a person," Brown has said.

Slaney is 27, has an engineering degree, has worked in aircraft maintenance and rebuilds high-performance sports cars. He has thrown the discus 212' 1". He gets along with Decker by telling her the absolute truth about herself.

"Do you know that she is a photoholic," he says to a visitor. "I spend two hours every morning destroying pictures she's taken the night before. . . ."

Decker has begun to giggle.

"... I'm in the bathroom," Slaney continues, with weary forbearance. "The door swings open. . . . I'm blinded by a burst of light. Then I'm embarrassed. . . ."

By now, Decker has entered quiet hysterics.

Slaney goes on to more serious things. "She doesn't have a bad memory. She has a memory of convenience. She seems to have an inbuilt defense system. If she disagrees with something, she simply turns off. I may as well be discussing things with the refrigerator."

"It is conditioning," protests Decker. "I have somehow been trained to ignore the things I don't want to face. It's good in racing. In the rest of life . . . I don't know." Her tone contains a trace of penitence.

Perhaps the toughest thing for Decker to face just now is the chance of things not going right for L.A. "What," she is asked, "would you do if for some unforeseeable reason the 1984 Olympics were canceled?"

She struggles for an answer, not happy to talk about this. "It wouldn't mean anything anymore," she says finally. "So I'd concentrate on the next World Championships."

"And what if you hurt yourself right before the Games?"

This time there is no pause. "It won't happen."

Earlier, Decker had been asked a question circulating among runners gearing up for a try at the Olympics, a question

worth? To talk about a deal like that just wrecks the sense of the gold. It isn't anything you can buy, it's only something you can win. It's only a symbol of how good you are. No, I'd rather take my chances. And . . ." she added in satisfaction, "be able to run later, too."

Hearing of this, Slaney can't keep from beaming. "Who else would say that?" he said. "I'll take a chance. I'd rather earn it." Ninety-nine percent of the people would take the shortcut. That's why she's special."

A friend, concerned that Mary not repeat the pattern of unwittingly placing too many demands on this relationship, once asked Slaney if he were ready for it. "I think I'm strong enough," he said, grinning. "There is no conflict within me that she runs, that she's so successful. She does that because she's made to, wants to. We're different people. Discus throwing is important to me, but I don't do it to the detriment of the rest of my life. I don't have pinpoint vision. . . ."

"And I do?" asked Decker.

"Yes."

"Yes, I always have."

And that vision these days is locked on Los Angeles. She remembers what Yekaterina Podkopaeva, who was third in the 1,500 in Helsinki, said then: "We will change our tactics and find something new. We will change."

About the only thing left untried is the lure of a suicidal rabbit. This is what Slaney feels Decker must expect, a Soviet runner sent out to suck her along, to use her own eagerness against her, to exhaust her before the last lap. "They'll sacrifice somebody good, you know," he says.

"I know. I'll just have to not go chasing after a crazy pace," says Decker. "But in Helsinki I felt I could handle any pace they could, and still kick. And in Los Angeles, I know I'll be stronger and faster at the end. And they are older than I am." She wriggles against Slaney, impatient, already hearing the starting guns of August.



Roaming with Samantha, Decker reflects on the good times.

designed to separate the fanatics from the rest of us: "Would you take a guarantee of the gold medal if the price was you could never run again?"

"Hell no," she said at once. "If someone just gives you the medal, what's it

Introducing a new way to take one of the most recommended liquid cold medicines in history.

MORE doctors and pharmacists recommend Triaminic® Cold Syrup than any other cold liquid brand.* You can't beat it for relief



of cold symptoms.

Now you can get the same kind of relief in tablet form.

Triaminic® Cold Tablets, like our Syrup, give you prompt relief for the stuffy, runny nose of a cold.

We're also introducing Triaminic® Multi-Symptom Cold Tablets. Like Triaminic® Multi-Symptom Cold Syrup, our new Triaminic® Multi-Symptom Cold Tablets go to work on nasal congestion, frequent coughing and runny nose.

Each one contains a decongestant. Because one thing you expect from cold medicines is to let you breathe freer, fast. But none

of them contain aspirin. Because we feel aspirin or other pain relievers are something you should take only when the symptoms require it.

Of course, there's the rest of our liquid cold medicines.

Triaminic-DM® Cough Formula effectively relieves an annoying, persistent cough and nasal congestion.

And Triaminic® Expectorant can break up congestion when you have a dry, hacking cough.

So don't overmedicate your cold with unnecessary ingredients. Know your symptoms better.

AND try Triaminic Cold Tablets and Triaminic® Multi-Symptom Cold Tablets.

Not only can you get fast, effective cold relief.

Now, with our tablets you can take it with you, also.



Triaminic® Cold Tablets
Nasal congestion
Runny nose
Frequent cough

Triaminic® Multi-Symptom Cold Tablets
Nasal congestion
Runny nose
Frequent coughing

Each one contains a decongestant. Because one thing you expect from cold medicines is to let you breathe freer, fast. But none

of them contain aspirin.



Why take more than you need.

derdog Miami has a chance? Fitzpatrick smiles the same tight-lipped smile Schnellenberger smiles—except with Schnellenberger you can't see the lips, only the corners of his Captain Kangaroo mustache lifting. It's the smile people smile when they know something you don't know. Fitzpatrick says he "can hardly wait" to hear Schnellenberger's inspirational—and always eminently believable—remarks the week of the game.

Everybody believes Schnellenberger. And why not? In the first place, he keeps

doing whatever he says he's going to do. Two years ago, before Miami's nationally televised game against Notre Dame, ABC proposed that Schnellenberger allow a camera into the Hurricanes' dressing room at halftime to record his remarks. Schnellenberger demurred. He said, "It could be pretty lopsided by halftime." The ABC producer said he could sympathize with that, with Miami playing fabled Notre Dame and all.

"No," said Schnellenberger, "I mean we might be so far ahead I might not

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Miami, that boggling town, is in love. It doesn't fall in love all that often, being the wary, conned-out kind of place that it is, but it's in love with Howard Schnellenberger. For years the longest name in football coaching—15, count 'em, 15 letters—Schnellenberger is now the hottest. Not since Don Shula has Miami been so smitten.

Right now Schnellenberger's in love with Miami, too. He'd have to be to keep turning down the money other places keep showing at him to come coach. He stays because of love—he loves the town, he loves the University of Miami, his glamorous working wife, Beverlee, loves the local real estate market—and because he has a team that thinks it can beat No. 1 Nebraska in the Orange Bowl on Jan. 2. What he doesn't have is any more tickets for the game, so don't ask.

Miami thinks it can beat Nebraska because it believes in Schnellenberger. The Hurricanes were created in his image. Tony Fitzpatrick, the feisty, vital middle guard whom nobody in the country recruited except Liberty Baptist College and Schnellenberger, has set a speed record for recovering from a torn biceps tendon in his left arm just so he can line up against the dreaded Cornhuskers and their 545-yards-and-a-crowd-of-busted-bodies offense. Fitzpatrick dreads facing the Huskers the way a hungry soldier dreads the mess hall. He says it's "the dream of my life come true."

But does he really believe 11-point-un-



Nebraska May Be In

have to say anything." The corners of his mustache lifted. The producer said he would tape Schnellenberger's pregame remarks. Miami led 30-6 at the half and won 37-15.

When Schnellenberger arrived on campus in 1979, the Hurricanes had had a losing record in eight of their last 10 seasons. Since then they've gone 40-16. This season, after opening with a 28-3 loss at Florida, Miami has reeled off 10 straight victories and climbed to No. 4 in the nation. And at home the Hurricanes

have been a dreadnought under Schnellenberger, winning 24 of 26 games there, including two routs of Notre Dame and a stunning 1981 upset of then top-ranked Penn State. The Orange Bowl—need Nebraska be reminded?—is, of course, home for the Hurricanes.

In the second place, Schnellenberger looks like a guy who does what he says he's going to do. He's not the steely, slick Kirk Douglas type Shula is; he's the hard-eyed, rough-hewn, slightly disheveled John Wayne type you would follow into

Bound for the Orange Bowl, Miami has been winning hand over fist for Coach Howard Schnellenberger



Comanche territory if you could ride in his horse's shadow. Schnellenberger fits the Bear Bryant image better than anyone you'll find, which is understandable because Schnellenberger played for two years under Bryant at Kentucky and coached under him for five years at Alabama. Moreover, he smokes a pipe, the eternal symbol. Schnellenberger says, mustache dancing, "of maturity, patience and tolerance. Did you ever meet a pipe smoker you couldn't trust?"

Schnellenberger easily rivals Shula as the most visible man in Miami—or, as he puts it during the recruiting season, "the State of Miami." The State of Miami includes portions of Florida he "annexed, one by one, in the still of the night" from bitter rival University of Florida. Among the purloined territories are Tampa, Orlando and Daytona Beach. They're some of the richest areas in the nation for high school football talent, and Miami now mines them for 85% of its players, compared with 30% a decade ago. How did the Gators take this annexation? "Lying down," says Schnellenberger.

Even more than Shula, Schnellenberger involves himself in the entire Miami scene, especially the charities—Easter Seal telethons (as chairman), Boy Scout recruiting, programs for drug-dependency groups and the aging aged, and, his favorite, the Partners for Youth program that has raised \$1 million for disadvantaged kids. Lately, university President Tad Foote has been using

continued

For Double Trouble

Schnellenberger to recruit honor students for the school. Two weeks ago he addressed 400 of them in New York City. "By comparison, Shula is a one-dimensional guy," says a mutual friend. "A great coach, but all football and very commercial. Howard will sell you Miami. Shula will sell you a Ford."

Well, that's not quite it either. Schnellenberger is also "commercial," which is one reason he's a visible \$250,000-a-year man who can afford not to accept jobs like Kentucky's triple-your-salary offer two years ago and the pro bids that keep coming his way. His most prominent paying hype is for automobile tires, and he is, to say the least, an inspirational—and memorable—pitchman. One day in his dentist's office a patient swallowed a filling and was choking to death. Schnellenberger heard the commotion, rushed in from the waiting room and, from behind, locked his arms under the man's diaphragm and jerked him into the air. The man coughed up the filling. When he saw who his savior was, he gasped. "Hey, I bought some of your tires?"

It's altogether fitting that Miami



The key to Miami's potent attack is Kosar (20), a superb passer. The swarming defense will try to "gang" Rozier whenever he carries the ball.



should be in this, the 50th Orange Bowl game, because it played in the first—vs. Bucknell—in 1935. However, the last time the Hurricanes got invited was in 1950, the year they first crashed into the "big time" by upsetting Purdue, which the week before had snapped a 39-game Notre Dame unbeaten streak. Perhaps a

third of the city—then much less populous, of course—crowded Miami airport to welcome the team home from Purdue.

Getting that old-time religion, an estimated 7,000 Hurricane fans jammed the school's baseball field on Nov. 19 just to see Miami receive its Orange Bowl invitation. Schnellenberger got the Metro Rail,

not yet officially in operation, to run a trainload of fans to the nearby station. A jazz band played and a 17-motorcycle escort ushered in the motorcade carrying players, coaches, Foote and a knot of Orange Bowl Committee reps, all beaming. Never one to let an estimate stand in the way of a better estimate, Schnellenberger said afterward, "It was terrific—10,000 people yelling and stomping. Bob Devaney [the Nebraska athletic director and former coach] was there. He said he never saw anything like it."

What Miami football has never seen is anything like Schnellenberger. Coach Bobby Bowden of Florida State says, "He's the best thing Miami has," a coach everybody would like to have. Bowden marvels at the promotional élan that this basically shy whopper of a man has demonstrated in bringing the Hurricanes to full force. For not only does Schnellenberger have what Bryant called "one of the keenest coaching minds" he ever knew, but he also has the heart and soul of a born p.r. man. Day in, day out,

Schnellenberger promotes Miami football to beat the band, as well as the Irish, the Seminoles and the Gators.

Shortly after the Hurricanes got their bid, Schnellenberger was being driven across campus by a secretary to kick off a lottery for the 1,200 Orange Bowl tickets Miami students were originally allotted. The drawing wasn't hillyhooded, partly in fear of a riot. "That's my low-key ticket manager's way of promoting," growled Schnellenberger. "I'd have had the band and the cheerleaders."

Schnellenberger pointed out that the students were threatening to sue for more tickets and that the student body president was "up in arms." When his companion commiserated with him, Schnellenberger said, "Oh, no, that's not bad. That's great! Can you imagine having to sue to get a ticket to one of our games?" He said he could remember when they couldn't give 'em away.

Schnellenberger was born with a wooden spoon in his mouth in St. Meinrad, Ind. 49 years ago. When he was two his German-born father, Leslie, a stonemason, moved the family to Louisville. Leslie borrowed the money to buy a tractor-trailer rig and went on the road as a wild-cat hauler. Schnellenberger's mother, Rosena, who's also German, worked as a waitress and in a munitions factory and ran the family—soon to include two more boys and a girl—with a firm hand. "I don't remember her kissing me until I was 40," says Schnellenberger. "But I do remember her tapping me with the belt. She didn't have to do it often. I learn fast." Once, he says, when he missed a curfew, she called the cops.

Schnellenberger, very loosely, means quick (*schnell*) villager (*berger*). At Louisville Flager High he was all-state as an end in football and as a forward in basketball, but he says speed wasn't a factor in his success: "I was the reason they invented the term 'he can catch it in a crowd.' I caught a lot of balls in crowds. I couldn't get out of them."

Andy Gustafson, the Miami coach at the time, invited Schnellenberger down for a tryout in 1952. "Tryouts were legal then," says Schnellenberger. "We scrimmaged for two-and-a-half hours, the most hellacious scrimmage you ever saw." Gustafson offered a scholarship and Schnellenberger accepted. A week later, in Louisville, The Bear dropped

by—with the governor of Kentucky, Lawrence Wetherby. Schnellenberger said he was flattered, "but I'm going to Miami." His mother told Howard she was proud that he had held to his convictions. A week later Bryant was back, this time with John Floersh, the archbishop of Louisville. Leslie and Rosena, says Howard, were "practically devout" Catholics. Rosena said Kentucky sounded like a great place to go to school.

Bryant had gone to Texas A&M, and Blanton Collier was the coach by the time Schnellenberger made All-America in 1955 as a Kentucky senior. But "every athlete has a plateau," he says, "and mine as a player was the college level. If I could have run faster, I'd still be playing. I loved to play."

Though he'd been drafted by the Washington Redskins, Schnellenberger signed with Hamilton of the Canadian league for a "third more money, but only \$9,000, which should have told me something." He was cut the first season and then drafted into the Army. "Being German, I figured it was the place to make myself fast," he says. "At the time I weighed 228 pounds and ran the 40 in 5.2 seconds. I knew it was the weight. I trained down to 198, working like hell—and cut my time to 5.15."

He went back to the Canadian league a wiser but no faster man after his 21 months at Fort Knox. This time he tried British Columbia, which also cut him. "When two coaches tell you to seek your life's work elsewhere, you should," he says. But Canada was far from a total loss. On a double date in Montreal, he met a vivacious Aloette cheerleader named Beverlee Donnelly. "Beverlee was the other guy's date, actually, a guy on our team," says Schnellenberger.

From Beverlee's point of view, however, there was no contest between the two men. "I loved Howard then almost as much as I love him now," she says. "He'd call me long distance, in that deep, low voice he has when he's serious, and I couldn't understand a word, so I just said

yes to everything." They were married in Montreal in 1958.

Schnellenberger's coaching stops—as an assistant under Collier at Kentucky, under Bryant at Alabama, under George Allen with the Los Angeles Rams and under Shula with the Dolphins—were punctuated by family additions: Stuart, now a senior and second-team center for the Hurricanes; Steve, a Miami junior; and Timmy, a varsity wrestler at Miami's Columbus High. Steve is the family's rallying point. In fighting cancer and related illnesses since he was two, he has "shown more courage than anybody I ever knew," says Beverlee.



The coat and tie: professionalism or a superstition?

A man couldn't ask for a better résumé than Schnellenberger's. His demeanor reflects his pedigree: dry ice on the sidelines. Schnellenberger says he has no reason to be anything else considering all the big games he has been through. Alabama won two national championships (1964, '65) while he ran Bryant's offense. Schnellenberger also accompanied Allen to the NFL playoffs and Shula to two Super Bowls. "A lot of big games," he says.

continued



The sailfish recently replaced Colts and Dolphins.

SCHNELLENBERGER coasted

But the Schnellenberger style is as much a derivative of what he discarded from the giants he worked for as of what he learned from them. Allen, for example, held coaches' meetings "until one or two o'clock in the morning." Schnellenberger lets his coaches get some sleep. Collier was obsessed with details, spending hours "just practicing taking the snap from center." Schnellenberger is also a stickler for details—"under Coach Schnellenberger you know exactly what you're supposed to do and when you're supposed to do it," says his whiz-kid quarterback, Bernie Kosar—but he's not that obsessed. "If a guy is getting the job done," says Schnellenberger, "don't harass him with 'preferred techniques.' It wastes time."

One afternoon, Karl Schmitt, Miami's assistant sports information director, got a call from Schnellenberger to "go 'measure the sun' at Florida Field in Gainesville. First at one o'clock, then two, and so on." Schmitt says he was trying to figure out how to go about it, when he heard Schnellenberger guffawing on the

other end of the line. "What it was, George Allen had made him do that once before an NFL play-off game," says Schmitt. "The Rams lost. If they'd won, Howard would have probably made me do it, too. He's superstitious that way."

Schnellenberger doesn't call that superstition; he calls it "not taking any chances." The same goes for the Friday morning bagels he insists on. And his shoes. Schnellenberger bought "the only pair of Italian shoes ever sold in Tuscaloosa, Alabama" and wore them religiously while the Crimson Tide and the Dolphins kept beating everybody. When the shoes finally fell apart after the Dolphins' 17-0 season in 1972, Beverlee had them broomed. After Howard took the Miami job she bought him the \$300 pair of lizard-skin boots he now wears every game day. He says they get so stiff from disuse during the off-season that he has to smear his socks with Vaseline just to get them on in the fall.

Schnellenberger also wears a sports jacket and tie on the sideline, but no other coat—regardless of how chilling the rain or snow. And he leaves the jacket on, no matter how oppressive the heat. Schnellenberger says he started wearing the coat and tie against Penn State two years ago "because this is a profession, not a job. I think it gives me a better image. Also, we won."

In coaching style, Schnellenberger most closely identifies with Bryant. He succeeds where so many other Bryant imitators fail because he fathomed the mostly hidden qualities of the man. "First of all, Bryant knew you won with players, not assistant coaches," says Schnellenberger. "The game should be tailored to what the talent can do, not to what an assistant wants it to do. With Pat Trammell at quarterback [at Alabama], we kept everything tight and ran the ball. Pat was more the halfback type. With Namath, we spread it out and threw."

However, the most useful thing Schnellenberger learned at Alabama was that Bryant "coached people, not football." For all his forbidding aura, Bryant "cared," Fitzpatrick says that "even when he disciplines you, you know

Schnellenberger cares. He suspended our quarterback for a game last year for breaking a rule, and not one player objected, not even the quarterback." When Roy Hamlin, Schnellenberger's promotions director, went down with a heart attack in Fort Meyers two years ago, the first face he saw when he came out of surgery was Schnellenberger's. "Just wanted to make sure you were O.K.," he told Hamlin and then drove back to Miami—150 miles away.

In Shula, Schnellenberger found "the perfect pro coach," a man who "studied for the job" and plotted it like a field-grade officer leading troops. "Shula understands the thinking of his players," says Schnellenberger. "And he's consistent with them. He doesn't fluctuate." What bothers Schnellenberger about coaching in the pros is that pro coaches "tend to be mechanics."

Schnellenberger tried being chief mechanic for a season and three games in Baltimore. His first year, 1973, the Colts were 4-10, and the next season they opened with two defeats. While losing for the third time, Schnellenberger told his second-year quarterback, Bert Jones, to warm up to replace starter Marty Domres. Owner Bob Irsay, standing nearby, came up shortly afterward and said, "I want you to put Jones in."

"The players heard him," says Schnellenberger. "[Middle Linebacker] Mike Curtis was standing right there. I said, 'Mr. Irsay, I'd planned to do that, but since you ordered it, I can't.' I'd have lost my credibility, with that and every other team I'd ever coach. In the locker room, he told me, 'I'm putting you on the shelf.' I said, 'What's 'on the shelf' mean?' He said, 'I'm putting you on the shelf.' The next day [General Manager] Joe Thomas called to tell me what it meant."

Schnellenberger was back assisting Shula when Lou Saban quit the University of Miami job in January 1979. A Miami newspaperman, Henry Seiden, suggested that Schnellenberger apply. "At first I said no," he says, "but the more I looked into it, the better I liked it. Lou had recruited well. Why couldn't you get players to come to Miami? The only subtropical college in the country. An outstanding curriculum. An attractive schedule. Miami had won before, in the '50s and '60s. The high schools in the area turned out more good little people than anybody, meaning at the

continued

Large 40

Marlboro Country.



Famous Marlboro Red
and Marlboro Lights—
either way you get a lot to like.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Light 11 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. King 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. ©1990 Philip Morris Inc.

*"Come to think of it...
I'll spread a little cheer"*



skilled positions. I'd lived in Miami for 10 years because I'd wanted to. Beverlee had a career in real estate and, like me, she loves Miami."

So at 44, "an old man to start again," Schnellenberger landed the Miami job. He found the program hung over with failure and burdened with a massive inferiority complex. Losing seasons after the George Mira-Ted Hendricks eras had opened the door for the Dolphins to siphon off fan support. Intimidated coaches came and went like traveling salesmen—six in 10 years—and left a patchwork program rife with mistakes of doing things. The sins weren't grave but a collection of misdemeanors that went back years and resulted in Miami's being put on NCAA probation in 1981.

To turn the image around quickly, Schnellenberger changed his own. An essentially private person, he became a flamboyantly public figure. He started a Long Name Club, with him as president. He allowed the campus snack bar to market a Schnellen Burger. Not only did Hamlin make Schnellenberger's weekly television show a money-winner, but he also produced another Schnellenberger program and beamed it around the country by satellite.

Mainly, though, Schnellenberger promoted his team. "Creating tradition," he called it. After sweeping Florida, Florida State and Florida A&M in 1980, he declared a "state championship" for the Hurricanes and had a flag made to celebrate it. This year he promoted the Notre Dame game so well that CBS gave Greater Miami 5½ prime-time minutes of unadulterated ballyhoo in the form of a halftime show celebrating the town.

His first year and a half on the job, Schnellenberger averaged 2½ talks a day. His slightly breathless uneasiness as a public speaker turned out to be a plus, and audiences warmed to him. He visited high schools all over the State of Miami and held clinics. He talked to Chambers of Commerce, Rotary clubs, alumni groups "wherever two or three were gathered."

Recently, Schnellenberger took down the Colts' and Dolphins' pictures he had on the wall behind his desk—right above the

bronzed Italian shoes—and put up an 84-inch mounted sailfish. "This is Miami," he said of the fish. Schnellenberger is big on visual aids. The biggest is an architect's rendering of a 40,000-seat campus stadium, which he hauls out at the drop of a donor's name. He says he "wants to leave something to posterity at Miami," and he would like it to be that stadium. Foote tempers Schnellenberger's enthusiasm by insisting that the \$14 million needed to fund the stadium come entirely from outside donations.

That Foote is receptive at all is a testimony to Schnellenberger's amazing influence. No great believer in big-time athletics, Foote came to Miami three years ago from Washington University in St. Louis. He stepped right into the furor over the NCAA probation. Foote now calls the Schnellenberger program a "showcase" in which "athletes are students" and the men in it are men of "honor and integrity." He calls Schnellenberger "a teacher in the total sense of the word," and says he is "thrilled" by what has happened this year. He sees it as "academics and athletics building on each other's strengths." He calls it "healthy."

Yes, but is it healthy for Miami to play Nebraska? The other afternoon in his office, Schnellenberger was saying how this Miami team "didn't figure." Kosar, after all, is only a redshirt freshman. But he

wound up completing 201 of 327 (61.5%) passes for 2,329 yards. And Tight End Glenn Dennison caught more passes (54) than any other Miami receiver ever had. And Wide Receiver Eddie Brown reminds Schnellenberger "more of Paul Warfield every day." And the Miami offense averaged 25.6 points a game.

"But I'll never forget what Adolph Rupp once told me at Kentucky," said Schnellenberger. "He said, 'Son, you may have guys who can hit the basket 50 percent of the time, but there'll be days when they only hit 30 percent. When that happens, you better be able to play defense.'" Schnellenberger's Hurricanes play defense. It's a swarming, clinging, brazen kind of defense whose success belies its size (smallish) and speed (average). Led by Fitzpatrick and Linbacker Jay Brophy, Miami ranked fourth in the country in fewest yards yielded per game (259.4) and third in scoring defense (9.6 points a game). It allowed a total of 10 points in the fourth quarter all year. No opponent had a run or pass play that went for more than 28 yards.

Nebraska? "We'll assault 'em on defense," said Schnellenberger. "Try to gang [Mike] Rozier whenever he has the ball." Offensively, "We'll make them play the entire field. Stretch out their defense and see how much they can cover." In either case, he said, "we'll take chances. It will not be a close game."

"Either way?"

"Either way."

Well, then, can Miami win?

"I always think we'll win," said Schnellenberger. He got up and came around his desk, past a picture of an oak tree in autumn with the inscription TO BE STRONG, and handed his visitor a bookmark that had been a sideline pass for this season's Notre Dame game. It said MIAMI 20, NOTRE DAME 0 and had his signature below the score. He puffed on his pipe as he headed for the door.

"I just talked with my man at the weather bureau," he said. "There's six feet (actually nine inches) of snow in Lincoln, Nebraska won't get outside to practice for a week. Too bad." The corners of his mustache lifted, and he left a trail of smoke as he went out the door.



Howard and Beverlee sell Miami; Timmy only lives there.

THE PEOPLE WHO MADE WILL MAKE US WHAT WE



US WHAT WE ARE TODAY HAVE TO BE TOMORROW.



What really defines a company is not to be found on its organizational chart, but in its people.

So, as the organization of the Bell System breaks up, we want to remind you that its spirit remains intact.

Though many Bell people are being reassigned, and will work for companies with new names, they carry with them our 107-year commitment to service and excellence.

Each of us is well aware of the tradition we have to live up to.

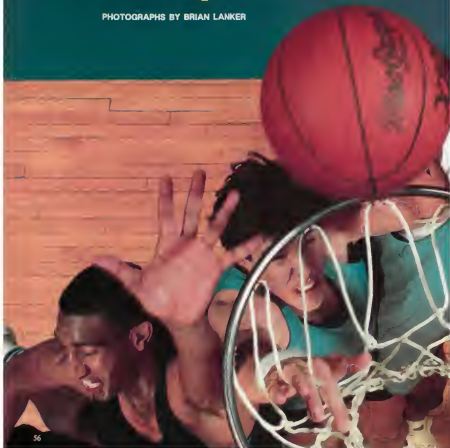
Whether we'll be part of the new AT&T or your local Bell telephone company, we all share a legacy which will not—cannot—be divested.



BASIC TRAINING

Every athlete is made in training, but because we tend to dwell on events it's the outcome of the contest that we see and not the arduous preparation. Before stepping into the public arena, the true athlete must be dedicated to the one goal of sport: excellence. The Greek poet Hesiod wrote, "Badness you can get easily, in quantity: The road is smooth and lies close by. But in front

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LANKER



of excellence the immortal gods have put sweat, and long and steep is the way to it, and rough at first. But when you come to the top, then it is easy, even though it is hard." In this picture of the Villanova basketball team engaged in a rebounding drill, and on the pages that follow, the photographer sought the special moments when the athlete, competing in a private arena, answers to those immortal gods.





A photograph of sand dunes. A large, dark shadow is cast across the upper half of the image, creating a strong contrast with the lighter sand. The foreground shows the texture of the sand dunes with some ripples and tracks.

Starkly shadowed against the isolated splendor of Great Sand Dunes National Monument in Mosca, Colo., the Adams State men's cross-country team endures a session of "power work."



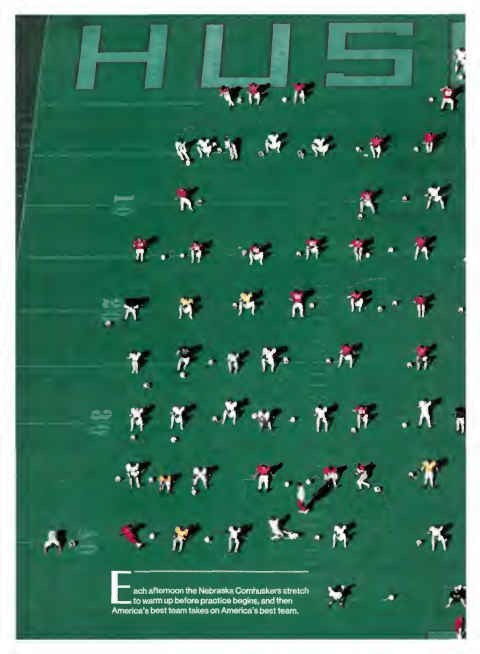


As his father, Dolf, did for him, Red Sox Coach Doug Camilli passes along tricks of the trade to catchers Jorge Kujan (left), Gary Trembley (right) and his own son Kevin at the Winter Instructional League in Sarasota.



In the dim and broken light of Los Angeles' Main Street Gym, light heavyweight Leon Gray works, then rests, momentarily transported by the vision of his dream.



An aerial photograph of a football practice field. Numerous players in red and white uniforms are arranged in several rows across the green field, performing stretching exercises. The large letters 'HUS' are visible in the upper portion of the image, likely part of the end zone or a large graphic. The perspective is from directly above, showing the layout of the players and the field's markings.

HUS

Each afternoon the Nebraska Cornhuskers stretch to warm up before practice begins, and then America's best team takes on America's best team.



A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a sculler on a rowing shell on a frozen Charles River in Boston. The sculler is positioned in the middle ground, facing away from the camera. The rowing shell is heavily laden with long, sharp icicles hanging from its railings. A long, dark oar extends from the shell towards the top right corner of the frame. The water is dark and textured, and the overall scene is dimly lit, suggesting a cold, early morning atmosphere.

Even subfreezing temperatures can't keep scullers from the icy rigors of their morning workout on the Charles River in Boston.







Imagine the Olympic hopes of these pint-sized performers at the National Academy of Artistic Gymnastics in Eugene, Ore., where bodies, and minds, are molded.

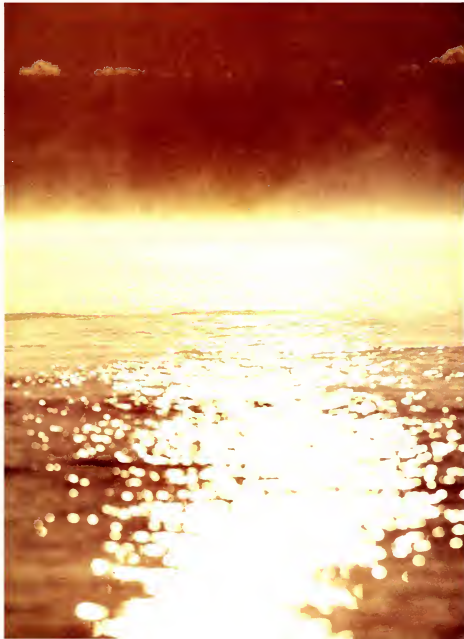




Before a round in Orlando, Dudley Logan practices with every club in his bag, while Victor Jones, his friend and caddy, patiently studies his swing.



By dawn's first gleaming, Quansett Farm's thoroughbred Independent Gold, Jane Hart up, follows owner Susan Yacubian and her horse into the soothing water of Buzzards Bay after a fun on the beach in Westport, Mass.





To the Rye (N.Y.) Ranger Mites in an early morning practice, the game, and the goal, may seem larger than life, but they know it's only the beginning.



Remember Heidi? She's the rosy-cheeked bundle of joy who knocked a dramatic Jets-Raiders game off the tube 15 years ago, seconds before Oakland came from behind to win. The little brat. How could she be so sweet and nasty at the same time? In her spirit, we hereby present our second annual Heidi Awards for the best and the worst in sports TV in 1983. Heidi ho, and away we go.

THE BEST LIVE TELECAST—Redskins vs. Cowboys, Dec. 11 (CBS). A near-perfect show. Pat Summerall and John Madden were incisive, yet didn't make the game out to be the SALT talks. The replays were restrained and wonderfully revealing. With the one of Tom Landry yelling "No! No!" on the sideline likely to become a classic.

OUR FIRST GUTTER BALL AWARD—To ABC for giving the incorrect winner of the Southern California Pro Bowlers Open in June. ABC flashed a graphic identifying Don Genalo as the champ instead of Jimmie Pritts. Commentator Nelson Burton realized the goof and started shouting as ABC was cutting away to a commercial. Chris Schenkel corrected the record during the wrap-up, but by then thousands of viewers probably had gone to the alleys.

HEIDI MEMORIE AWARD—To Howard Cosell for adamantly denying in the third quarter of a Monday Night Football game that he had called the Redskins' Alvin Garrett a "little monkey" in the second quarter. The remark was innocent, the denial ludicrous. It's the age of videotape, Howard. Gotcha!

MOST MOVING TELECAST—The International Special Olympics in August (ABC). Producer Amy Sacks and announcer Frank Gifford created a show that touched our hearts.

PEST OF THE YEAR—Ronald Reagan. He's a nice guy and all, but he monopolized the phone for five minutes, 53 seconds after the World Series by talking to everyone in the locker room except the security guards. He also droned on for 2:48 after the Super Bowl. They'd better take the phone off the hook with an election year coming up.

BEST COVERAGE—For one shot, NBC producer Larry Cirillo's ex-



Handing out the Heidis

Here are the best and the worst that TV sports had to offer in 1983

planatory view of Dolphin Cornerback Don McNeal falling down as John Riggin of the Redskins skirted left end and ran off with the Super Bowl title. For general reporting, CBS's coverage of the Wayne Rollins vs. Danny Ainge "Tree Bites Man" incident during the NBA playoffs. Director Bob Fishman came up with replays following the free-for-all,



Cosell droned, Hartack dripped, on ABC.

by William Taaffe

suggesting that Rollins may merely have been defending himself.

THE JAMES WATT AWARD—To Tom Brookshier (CBS). Following a promo for the N.C. State vs. Louisville game, Brookshier said: "Denny Crum has a great team at Louisville. They have a collective IQ of about 40, but they can play basketball." Dishonorable mention to John Brodie (NBC). When the Jets' Mark Gastineau did one of his post-tackle whoop-de-dos this fall, Brodie declared: "He looks like he's got polio."

BEST EDITED TELECAST—Great American Bike Race in April (ABC). The show captured a wonderful part of the human spirit and the essence of competition.

TITANIC AWARD FOR DISASTER AT SEA—To ABC for its coverage of the Kentucky Derby. Darkness knocked out the isolated cameras, Jack Whitaker had to have the person he was interviewing tell him the next question, and Cosell talked on as Bill Hartack, buffeted by the wind, tried to shield him (and his toupee) with an umbrella.

BEST ANNOUNCER—A tie between Al Michaels (ABC), who's becoming a cinch, and Bob Costas (NBC), a surprise. Costas rates high because of baseball and football, but his work on other telecasts can be bizarre. More on the little big man later.

AWARD FOR FICTION—To Frank Chirkinian, CBS's golf producer, who had Ken Venturi tell viewers how he just happened onto an exclusive interview with Ben Hogan while taping golf tips in May. In fact, the talk had been arranged weeks earlier. CBS told it like it wasn't as favorable to the reclusive Hogan, who didn't want to be bothered by other interview requests.

BEST JOURNALISM—For its week-to-week excellence, Cosell's Sports Bear (ABC). One more Heidi and he'll retire the award. His piece on a basketball "loan" sham at Cal State-L.A. could've made 60 Minutes envious. For late-breaking news, a nod to Brent Musburger's reporting on the Pan American Games drug scandal (CBS).

continued



FITNESS CENTER

Jumping to conclusions.

For a long time, that was about as much exercise as most of us got.

Not anymore.

Last year, almost 60 million Americans exercised their option to exercise.

And the food that fueled more than a few of those moving parts was Campbell's Soup.

You see, not many foods offer as much good nutrition as most Campbell's Soups.

Take Campbell's vegetable soups. They're all a rich source of vitamin A. And one healthy serving of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup supplies more thiamin and

niacin per calorie than whole wheat bread.

Of course, soup not only makes you feel good, it helps you look good. In fact, a number of recent analyses suggest that people who consume soup, take in fewer calories than those who don't.

In short, Campbell's Soup fits right into a serious fitness program.

After all, if you're trying to stay in shape, you're probably giving a lot of yourself.

Well, Campbell's Soup gives a lot of it back.

**CAMPBELL'S
SOUP IS
GOOD FOOD**



COLT

IT'S FINE TO HAVE FUN WHILE YOU SAVE MONEY.

Purpose: to combine high value, economy, and driving fun.

Car in point: Colt, imported for Dodge and Plymouth, built by Mitsubishi Motors Corp.

If you're thinking Sentra, Civic, GLC or Tercel, now you just have to think Colt, too. At \$4,995 base sticker price, Colt is not only among the very lowest-priced cars—dollar for dollar, Colt's one of the most phenomenal values among all those great Japanese-built imports.

53 EST. HWY

41 EPA* EST. MPG

*Use EPA EST. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary. Hwy. mileage probably lower. Calif. est. lower.

Look at the mileage—that's money in the bank, your money. And you get plenty of power and pick-up, with Colt's spirited MCA-Jet engine. With front-wheel drive,

beautiful handling and maneuverability, Colt is great fun to drive cross-town, cross country, wherever and whenever. And it carries five comfortably.

Colt 3-door hatchback. Our purpose is fulfilled. And yours will be, too, when you go see Colt at your Dodge or Plymouth dealer.

\$4,995

Base Sticker Price excluding title, taxes and destination charges as of October 15. Price subject to change.



"Now that's a purpose!"

IMPORTS WITH A PURPOSE



Dodge



Plymouth

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY



NBC's pre-Super Bowl show hailed Mr. T more than it did the Redskins.

WORST JOURNALISM—PBS's *An Unauthorized History of the NFL*, the opening episode of the *Frontline* investigative series. *Unsubstantiated* would have been better.

MOST MEMORABLE SHOTS—1) N.C. State Coach Jim Valvano racing frantically about the court in search of someone to hug after the NCAA basketball final (Fishman, CBS). 2) Rod Dixon exulting in his victory at the finish of the New York City Marathon while runner-up Geoff Smith collapsed in the background (Craig Janoff, ABC).

OLDEST SHAMELESS PROMO AWARDS—1) For Costas' tub-chumping talk with Mr. T on the Super Bowl pregame (NBC). Sure enough, *The A-Team* rolled to a ratings bonanza that very night. 2) For Joan Rivers' appearance on NBC's *30 Rock* sports show during a break in a Dodgers-Expos game to plug *Saturday Night Live* and her new album.

BEST COMMENTARY—CBS's boxing trio of Tim Ryan, Gil Clancy and Sugar Ray Leonard on the Roberto Duran-Duvey Moore fight in June. They properly denounced Referee Ernesto Magaña for not stopping the bout when Moore was out on his feet.

SOUNDS-LIKE AWARD—To New York Mets announcer Ralph Kiner. He called Dave Kingman "Ed Kranepool," Darryl Strawberry both "Darryl Throneberry" and "George Strawberry," and himself Ralph Kerner. Another Kiner Klavie: "Al Oliver gets no respect. He's just like Roger Dunderfield."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE RIBBON—To Earl Weaver (ABC). Weaver can wear it in his perm next season.

MR. OCTOBER AWARD—Reggie Jackson (ABC). His work in his first Series was superb, especially in the clubhouse when You Know Who was burning up the phone lines.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN SILENT MOVIE AWARD—To Costas for the Arlington Budweiser Million. NBC wanted him to serve as host, even though he knows little about horse racing. Despite the producers' promise not to expose his lack of expertise, during the telecast they ordered him to fill some air time without warning. Costas showed his displeasure by remaining silent. Listeners heard "Back to you, Bob" and then "Talkies begin next year."

THE HEIDI HEIDI AWARD—To CBS for cutting out of sudden-death playoffs at

the Phoenix Open in January and again at the Colonial Invitational in May when the regularly scheduled time for 60 Minutes arrived. 60 Minutes gets pushed back for football, but not for golf. Tick tick tick tick tick tick.

BEST INTERVIEW—Cosell with Pete Rose, discussing his benching before the start of Game 3 of the World Series. Give Howard this: He gets honest reactions out of people. "It hurts, doesn't it?" he asked Rose. "Certainly, certainly," Rose conceded. "It's embarrassing."

SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY AWARD—To Sal Marchiano (formerly of ESPN). During renegotiations on his contract, he closed a SportsCenter show by saying, "Happiness is seeing Bristol in your rearview mirror." ESPN didn't think the remark very funny, because "Bristol" referred to Bristol, Conn., the home of ESPN. Guess what appeared a few days later in Marchiano's mirror.

AWARD FOR CONFLICT OF INTEREST—To Ferdie Pacheco, NBC's boxing analyst, who negotiates for the TV rights to the fights he comments on.

Finally, our coveted **HEIDI SPITTOON FOR BONEHEADEDNESS IN LOCAL SPORTS COVERAGE**. A gold spittoon goes to Bob Hillman of WCPO-TV in Cincinnati. Given a clip of a story from the *University of Cincinnati News Record* saying that two Bearcat football players had been convicted of larceny, Hillman put it on the air without checking. The story was from a 1975 front page that the paper was specially reprinting.

END



When it's time for 60 Minutes, CBS doesn't mind teeing off golf fans.



GREETINGS
FROM



More than 200 years after Captain Cook came upon Christmas Island, the remote Pacific atoll and its splendid fishing have been discovered by a wave of modern adventurers

BY CLIVE GAMMON

CHRISTMAS

On the 24th, after passing the line, land was discovered. Upon a nearer approach it was found to be one of those low islands so common in this ocean, that is, a narrow bank of land inclosing the sea within.

So runs the journal of Captain James Cook. On his third Pacific voyage, commanding the ships *Discovery* and *Resolution*, he had sailed north on Dec. 9, 1777, from Bora Bora to seek a landfall on the West Coast of North America, but had begun to see "boobies, tropic and men-of-war birds, tern and some other sorts" as early as Dec. 16th.

Not until Christmas eve, though, did he observe from the southwest how the ocean "broke in a dreadful surf" on an uncharted atoll some 110 miles in circumference. He waited until Christmas morning before sending in boats, a channel into the atoll's lagoon having been discovered by no other than 22-year-old William Bligh, later captain of His Majesty's Ship *Bounty* but then principal navigation officer aboard *Resolution*. Bligh's men were far from mutinous on this occasion, and they rowed back from the atoll with more than 200 pounds of fish, to be supplemented later by 300 green turtles.

Cook, meanwhile, had taken sightings and had placed the atoll at lat. 1 degree 59 minutes north, long. 157 degrees 15 minutes west, just above the equator in mid-Pacific. Eighteen days later he would discover Hawaii and eventually proceed to arctic Siberia and Alaska. He

continued

As curious birds wheel about her, an angler plays a bonefish on Christmas Island's expansive flats.

CHRISTMAS continued

would remain anchored at this isolated landfall long enough only to plant some yams and coconuts, observe an eclipse of the sun and dub the atoll Christmas Island ("We kept our Christmas here"), thus sowing the seed of two centuries of postal confusion, because an earlier British sailor, Captain William Myones of the East India Company, had so named another tropic island, that one in the Indian Ocean, back in 1643.

Nearly 206 Christmases later, though, no more than a quarter of a mile from where Cook's anchor chains had rattled down in 20 fathoms onto clean sand, I was expecting no mail but making further discoveries by the minute, such as the fact that my tackle box full of popping plugs—enough to last through half a dozen seasons of striped-bass fishing on Cape Cod—was emptying faster than Macy's at closing time on Christmas eve.

Our flat-bottomed boat, which strictly speaking should never have left the lagoon, was riding the swells close to the barrier reef of Christmas Island, and I could look through 25 feet of flashing neon-blue-and-green water down to white lanes of sand that cut through the dark coral. I put on my penultimate red-and-white popper, sent it whistling 60 yards toward the breakers and began yanking it back. The surface commotion caused by the plug suddenly broadened into a wild eruption of the sea as a huge brown shadow came up behind it, engulfed it, screeched away with it and buried it in the coral.

I hadn't expected anything else, nor that big Eddy Currie would fail to give a joyous peal of laughter. "What you want with that too-big devil for, anyhow?" he spluttered.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't entirely sure. In his log, Cook had remarked on "an abundance of fish" around the island. Alone, that vague statement wouldn't have brought me to an atoll 3,415 miles from Los Angeles. But recently the first out-riders of that special class of sport fishermen to whom abundance isn't an especially important word had been making the long pilgrimage.

What had brought these sun-vi-



sored and khaki-clad veterans of the Caribbean and Central American coastal flats to Christmas, in the way the sighting of a distinctly rare bird draws birders to an obscure estuary, was a report that on this distant coral interruption of the ocean, bonefish could be caught on fly.

For decades now, the speedy and subtle bonefish has been the target of the saltwater fly-fisher. Hold on, though. These were *Pacific* bones. So? Aren't

there millions of bonefish in the Pacific? Don't the Hawaiians catch them all the time?

Well, yes, certainly, one of those sun-dedicated anglers might reply, but only in deep water, not on the flats, in the skinny ankle-to-knee-depth shallows where they can be artistically stalked. Hadn't the archpriest of the art, Lefty Kreh, written in his seminal *Fly Fishing in Salt Water*, "... as far as fly-fish-

men are concerned, [bonefish] are found only in Central America, the Caribbean and the Florida Keys. In all other areas, bonefish feed in deep water, inaccessible to fly-fishermen." Kreh could hardly be blamed for that statement; no doubt it will be corrected in future editions—but oh, how joyful to be a Christmas pioneer, to catch Pacific bones on the flats and prove Kreh wrong.

And so, sparsely, since the early part of this year, a handful of fly-fishers had done just that. By the time my 727 began its approach to Casady Airfield on Christmas Island last month, a hemisphere had just been added to fly-fishing history, and I was looking forward to being part of its early chapters. I was unaware then that I would be side-tracked by Eddy and his devils.

The first morning I fished, Eddy,



The author found the bonefish to be big and plentiful—this one weighed eight pounds.



London is a place of war-surplus architecture, with a pace of life threatening to sleeping dogs.

screaming reel, the thumb foolishly blistered once or twice trying to slow a big devil down, the hang-up in the coral, the break-off. Once in a while the trevally would decide to head for the open sea, and if it were small enough, under 35 pounds, say, I'd get it in. Most of the time, though, the life expectancy of my lures was somewhat less than that of a tail gunner over Berlin circa 1943.

There was no point, I thought, that fourth morning, in giving the last of my poppers the chance to live to see Cape Cod again. On it went, and was summarily crushed. "Big Devil," Eddy said, laughing infuriatingly.

"How big?" I asked him.

"Seventy pounds," he gurgled.

"Last plug," I said.

Eddie stopped laughing. "Last plug?" he said. Something had put him on his mettle. "Take up slack," he said. He started the motor and we inched in, following the line, suicidally close to the breakers. "I see him," Eddy said, tossing the anchor over. Then he dived over the side and I, too, could see in the clear water the line running under the coral and the big trevally hanging on the other side of the

reef, the plug across his jaws like a bone in the mouth of a bull mustiff, with Eddy's dark shadow approaching him.

There was no chance, of course, even if the weaponless Eddy had been able to grapple him with bare hands. A shake of the great head, and the fish—and my plug—was gone forever.

"Bad devil," said Eddy, back on board again, shaking his own head. It was a losing game, and we both knew it. "We better go 'way now, catch some bonefish. Moon is right, big bonefish on this moon. They get a hex in the belly, come in from the deep ocean. We should go to Paris."

I knew where Paris was—right across the channel from London, naturally, and 10 miles north of Poland. Nobody lived in Paris these days, but London had 740 people, Poland 175, and down the road from London there were 350 more in the settlement of Banana.

When Captain Cook arrived, he had noted that "should anyone be so unfortunate as to be accidentally driven upon the island . . . it is hard to say that he could be able to prolong existence." Since then, the island has received occasional, thin emigrations from the Gilberts to the south when workers have been needed for copra production, but much more ominous temporary visitations have occurred.

CONTINUED

a massively broad and tall islander, born on Christmas 25 years ago, newly a guide but old in the ways of fish and outrigger canoes, instead of heading for the bonefish flats inside the lagoon, had gone straight through the reef gap to the ocean side of tiny Cook Island, where the great navigator had first anchored.

"Try for *te rereba*," said Eddy now. I looked blank. "Hawaiian men call *uua*," he said impatiently, "you call trevally." I placed it. Trevally was the Aussie name for one of the *Carangidae*, a member of the jack family but one that, like the related Gulf permit, ventured into very shallow water. I'd heard that they, too, could be caught on fly in the Christmas lagoon—gentlemanly sized fish of 10 pounds or so.

This didn't seem to be what Eddy had in mind. Already he'd picked out a 30-pound outfit that I had brought along in case I got a shot at wahoo or yellowfin tuna, and now he rummaged in my tackle box and came up with an immense blue-and-white surface plug that had proved itself on Nantucket strippers. "Throw long way," he said succinctly. "Bring back fast."

And so began four successive mornings of attrition. The typical scenario, in fast sequence, went thusly: The splash of a plug, the appearance of a brown shadow, the explosion in the water, the



Abandoned materiel from years of H-bomb testing is examined by local development officials.

CHRISTMAS *continued*

And they have left their mark. The village of Banana, for example, is served by an airport with a runway of 6,900 feet, capable of handling big jets; there is an

even bigger, and quite deserted, airfield at the uninhabited southeast end of the island. If you drive from Banana to London, moreover, suddenly, among the co-

conut palms, you will come upon a complex of deep-dish antennas and mysterious white constructions agleam with stainless steel that look as though they came off the cover of *Analog*, the science-fiction magazine.

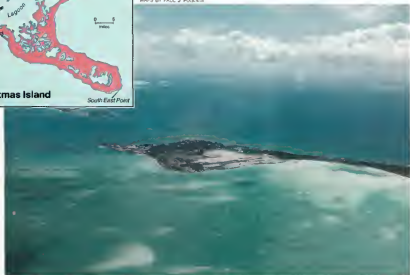
All of which is somewhat extraordinary for a coral atoll, which, if you discount its tiny sister atolls of Fanning and Washington, must be the most isolated on earth. Honolulu, on the nearest landmass of consequence, is 1,335 miles away. Christmas Island is also part of the world's newest nation. Until July 1979 it was attached to the British crown colony of the Gilbert and Ellice islands. Now a new flag of blue waves, golden sun and soaring white seabird flies over it, symbol of the nation of Kiribati—pronounced *kiri-bass*—which comprises 33 ocean specks straddling the International Date Line, 264 square miles of land scattered over two million square miles of Pacific.

And for the moment, in spite of *continued*



Once a crown colony, Christmas became a part of Kiribati when that nation was created in 1979.

MAPS BY PAUL & PUGLISI



Situated on a hook of land at the entrance to Christmas' lagoon and its vast bonefish flats, London is the principal settlement on the atoll.

Sony Tape. The Perfect Blank.



Stuff a stocking with a Sony Audio or Video Tape and what do you give? The perfect blank.

Electronically designed to capture more sound than you can hear, more color than you can see.

Look for our trade-up to High Grade special at your Sony dealer.



SONY. © 1980 Sony Electronics Inc. All Rights Reserved.

that airfield and the sci-fi buildings, it is still one of the world's remote places, with only a ham-radio link with Tarawa, Kiribati's capital, 2,015 miles away. Since 1981, though, it has had an air link with the outside world; Air Tugara, Kiribati's national carrier, flies there once a week from Honolulu.

And, of course, it is possible to have lunch, or at least a picnic, in Paris, so named by a 19th-century Catholic missionary, something of a freebooter, who quit the Church to raise copra on the island. Now in Paris there are only a few scattered stones left of Father Rouger's settlement and, as we found after lunch, many acres of bonefish flats and bonefish by the thousand. As it turned out, these fish were as particular as any much-cast-for sophisticate that swims around the Florida Keys, but because they are in army-corp strength they offered many more opportunities. They also hit Florida fly patterns and made the line scream out in the same way. Inevitably, there were many small ones, but there were also plenty of five- and six-pound fish and, once, an eight-pounder. For the record, Lefty, there are Pacific bonefish for the fly rod.

After Paris, London turned out to be bustling. Under a drying copra stack a few locals sat around drinking beer beneath a sign that read: E TABU TE MOOI BEER BKAI AO TE TAKAKARO, which forbade loitering and the drinking of beer, the legitimate place for which turned out to be Ambo's Bar on the wharf. At Ambo's a blue-water sailor from Tarawa with flowers in his hair told us his name was Rudolph and apologized because, he said, "I am not very much pretty, I am ugly brute," but nevertheless invited us to join him inside the wire-mesh fence that surrounds the bar so that the local cops can seal it off should trouble come. Gilbertese sailors you can find in all the merchant fleets of the world, and Rudolph was a cosmopolitan. "You like Christmas?" he asked. "It is like Florida. It is flat and it snows not too much." We couldn't linger, though: Eddy's father, Eberi, was waiting for us downtown.

Outside Eberi's house, kids played a

kind of blackjack, called kemboro, for Australian pennies—for some strange bankers' reason, Aussie dollars are the currency on Christmas—and in the backyard lay all manner of detritus—old truck motors, two propellers, recognizably from a DC-4. Eberi is an upstanding man in his 50s, father of 10, who had come to the island in '58 from the Gilberts to oversee the London copra plantation and, almost immediately, had found himself in the most hideous period in the history of Christmas.



Some fish, but not yellowfin tuna, give Eddy a devil of a time.

In a while he was to say of those days, "The military officer told us all to stand in the tennis court the soldiers built and bring a cloth. Then he said, 'Three minutes, one minute,' and we put our cloths over our heads, shut our eyes and faced north as we had been told. We were all frightened. Even the name 'bomb' frightened us. We had heard of this bomb."

World War II, which had ravaged the Gilberts, passed by Christmas Island, but in June 1956 a small party of British troops came ashore at London. In a month there were 2,000 of them; a year

later, three H-bombs were exploded at 18,000 feet about 30 miles south of the island. Between then and mid-1962 there were at least 26 more shots. Each time the Christmas Islanders were gathered together and told to protect their eyes against the flash. Toward the end of that span the British were joined by U.S. forces, who also tested bombs, and it was 1969 before they all went home, though some Americans returned briefly in April 1970 for Apollo 13's splashdown.

Huge quantities of matériel—trucks, mighty generators, a complete communications system—and a couple of intercontinental-sized airfields were left on the coral, explaining why Eberi now hefted a prop blade onto his mighty shoulder and, following Christmas Island etiquette, said to his visitor gravely, "Please take this home with you. I have many."

In 1975 a U.S. team established that by then there was no measurable radioactivity on Christmas Island, but there was cause for a slight frown when Eddy said, "I show you the graveyard on the way back."

The graveyard turned out to be nothing but a vast monument to military profligacy. Lined up in hundreds among the fleshy-leaved saltbushes, hub-deep in the tangled vines of pink-flowered Sesuvium, lay the rusting carcasses of American Dodge trucks, British Bedford cranes, bulldozers still painted with regimental insignia and the ironic graffiti of hot and homesick soldiers. IVOR THIRST, one of them had scrawled on the cab of his truck, but his seat was now occupied by aggressive red and blue land crabs, and overhead, like great marine vultures, a dozen man-o'-war birds sailed.

"My father tall as me, hey?" Eddy said as we drove on. I'd noticed both men were taller than other islanders, but it was still a surprise when he said, "My great-grandfather Scotland man. In 1868 he comes, with cons."

For a moment I wondered wildly, was there a penal settlement on the island? "Cons?"

"Sure," said Eddy. "He sell cons. Sin-

continued

Raise your hand if you're Sure.

Confident, dry and secure.



Raise your hand You're Sure.
With enough powerful protection to help
you stay dry all day That's for Sure.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Take five,
America!



New!

Richland 25's

Taste the good times...five extra times a pack!

Not available in all areas.

gle-bullet kind. Where my family come from, down in Gilberts on Maiana Island. He come for trading, he sell cons to people on my side of the island. They have very easy war because people on other side only got spears. My people make him like a chief or a king, they give him a quarter of the island, he marry my great-grandmother, stay there till he die. He was big, smart fellow."

Indeed, as I looked at him now, I could see in Eddy the genes of that rascally old Scot, as I could in Eber's pale blue eyes. I told Eddy that back in Scotland there was a popular folk-song group with his name—the Corries. "You send me?" Eddy asked. "I got some Scotland blawh-where music already. I like this. Can you sing Scotland music?"

Not the pipes, I told him, but we headed down the road from the graveyard to my uncertain rendering of Annie Laurie until we were in sight of the island's only hotel, called, naturally, the Captain Cook—24 rooms, 12 with air conditioning, 58 extra, and one bungalow, proprietor Mr. Boitabu Smith.

Built, like the houses in London and Banana, of old barracks material, the Captain Cook should really have been called the Somerset Maugham; over the bar a massive fan moved lazily above a heterogeneous collection of expatriates. There were ex-colonial British unlikely to go home again—like Peregrine Langston, now a fishing guide, a cloth badge pinned to his shirt proclaiming him the local International Game Fish Association representative—and there was the polyglot crew of the 5,000-ton container ship *Fentress*, out of Ponape in the Marshalls, which, in a memorable moment of inattention the previous week, had run ashore on the reef close to London. There were sun-hardened American fly-fishers, like Doug Merrick from San Francisco and Kathryn and Clive Rayne from Carmel, Calif. There were four other Americans, an esoteric collection of radio hams who had spent weeks on an uninhabited atoll to the southwest called Jervis, earning the envy of all other hams worldwide because they were the first to receive and transmit from there. And, explaining the space-age construction up the road, a tablof of technicians from the Japanese equivalent of NASA sat planning how they would track a satellite to be launched from their homeland in Janu-

ary, since for them Christmas Island was Tracking Station No. 3. Assisting them were three disconsolate electronic geniuses from Santa Barbara who were hoping to be off Christmas by Christmas.

Not that happy, either, was a solitary New Zealander whose baggage had been left behind on one of the six island stopovers he had made on the way from Auckland. He greeted us with an N.Z.-style "Gid-day" and proved to be Richard Anderson, a senior field officer of the New Zealand Wildlife Service, on loan from his government to help newborn Kiribati with its conservation problems.

And after a beer or two he confided that he reckoned he would soon be the most unpopular man on the island. "You love cats, right?" he said. "Nearly everybody loves cats. And it's worse here because cats are pretty special animals in some Polynesian cultures. But I'm the feller that's been sent to get rid of them, right down to the last bedraggled moggie. That's if these people want Christmas to go on being the most special bird island in the Pacific. And, God knows, it's been knocked about enough without the cats."

There were, he explained, more than 2,000 sneaky, lanky, hungry, feral cats on Christmas, an island where Tom has all the advantages and Jerry is, well, a sitting booby. One reason Anderson had been drafted was on account of the experience he'd had in his own island country of planning an anti-feral-cat campaign to rescue the last 30 kakapos in the world, flightless parrots that the cats would tackle even though they weighed 10 pounds and more.

"Here, though," he said, "they mostly hit the shearwaters and terns that nest on the ground. And, man, this little speck in the ocean has a huge importance. Seventeen million seabirds nest here, frigate birds—man-o'-wars—boobies and shearwaters that range for hundreds of miles out to sea to feed but can't land on the water. They have to have a home to go to—this little island."

"They took a terrible battering in the H-bomb tests, millions of them blinded by the flash and millions more young starved to death when the tests coincided with the breeding season."

"Now cats are the deadly factor. With time—and when the airline shows up with the traps I brought—I can probably handle the cats. But nobody is going to

love me because the pet cats are going to have to go as well—the Kiribati Government's passed an ordinance to that effect—but how do you tell people their pets are doomed? One other problem I have is that the government can't even spare me a vehicle."

He made me feel guilty. I had a pickup and Eddy, just to go fishing. "Want to head out to one of the bird islands tomorrow and maybe try some fishing on Saturday?" I said.

"Blerry airline got my blerry fishing



Melara was too blunt to get a trip to Hawaii.

tackle as well," said Anderson. I told him there was tackle aplenty, waited a moment for him to square his conscience—but how could he work, anyway?—and we were set.

Next morning on a trip to Motu Tabu, one of the bird islands, Eddy was plainly uncomfortable about the expedition. "Don't mess with any birds," he told me. "Don't kill any. Don't eat 'em." It would be much later before I realized he wasn't making a case for conservation but was

continued

CHRISTMAS continued

taking the Gilbertese name for the island—the Forbidden Isle—seriously.

Once we were on the white sand beach of Motu Tabu, it was plain that nothing would be easier than to harm the entirely fearless creatures. "Tamelessness is hazardous to their health," Anderson said laconically, something the first European sailors discovered when they found big, gannetlike birds sitting in the heliotrope trees waiting patiently for their necks to be wrung and so named them "boobies." Now, as we picked our way through the ground vines among the nesting terns and noddies, they showed no inclination to fly off, nor did the extravagantly handsome red-tailed tropic birds feeding young as big as themselves, nor did the broiler-size booby chicks. Fluffy and wacky enough to star in Sesame Street. Translucent white fairy terns whirled overhead, then fluttered close to examine us. Out on the bonefish flats, now stripped by the tide, a golden plover from arctic Alaska was overwintering like a fly-fisher from the U.S.

We'd met Katino Tebaki, the local conservation officer, when we landed on Motu Tabu. Anderson said, "He and two assistants have to look after all of Kiribati, not just Christmas, and they don't even have a Jeep. All over the world conservation is tough, but on this poor and isolated island it's murder."

Katino, of a new generation of Gilbertese, had trained in England with the Nature Conservancy and in Hawaii with the Fish and Wildlife Service. As he cradled a tropic-bird chick on Motu Tabu he said, "Richard's told you about the cats, but the islanders eat birds, too, and it is hard to blame them because their fish and coconut diet is so monotonous. But at least there's no market now for the tropic-bird tails they used for ladies' hats, because they've gone out of fashion." I caught a sharp look of anguish on Eddy's face that I would understand later, but now Katino was bending to release a blue-gray noddy from entangling vines. "A lot of them die this way," he said, "but more by the cats."

When we returned to the boat there were bonefish in the shallows like idlers on a street corner, and blue, flashing trevally came raiding the tiny snappers that fed under coral edges. "Fish tomorrow," Eddy said, "but I'll see you at the dancing tonight."

At ordinary tourist hotels, the local folklorique show tends to be tired and commercial. At the Captain Cook, though, the dancing was frenetic, savage, the Micronesian choruses overlaid by a shouting soloist giving the theme, as a shantyman did on the old sailing ships. Meantime, I thought I recognized the face of the girl who was wildly stamping and gyrating out front. "You met her at the farm," Eddy said.

On Christmas, where there is no soil to speak of, I'd been to see a tiny establishment where cabbages and tomato plants were grown semi-hydroponically, in moldering coconut husks carefully contained in rusting file cabinets left by the military. "That's Mekara," Eddy reminded me. "Best dancer on the island!"—and now I recalled the shy girl who had appeared with a wheelbarrowful of what, at 50¢ a pound, was probably the dearest cabbage on earth. I also recalled Mekara's sad story: When the Christmas Island dancers were scheduled to perform in Honolulu, each had to fill out a visa application for the U.S. consul in Fiji. Mekara had been too honest on a previous application. Under "purpose of visit" she'd written, bluntly, "Marriage." She didn't make it to Honolulu.

Eddy disappeared, returning with cups of toddy, a slightly sparkling drink made of three-day-old sap from palm trees. It was as strong as Burgundy. "Tomorrow," he said, "we'll go for a big trevally, my way. You can get bonefish as well, in the lagoon, back at Y-site."

Y-site—the stark name was yet another military inheritance—was deep in the inner lagoon. "Not too many peoples know about this way to fish, but some peoples know."

Dancing is a genuine pastime for all, not just a nightclub act for tourists.



Ebri, Eddy's father, offers a DC-4 propeller blade as a gift.

He chuckled mysteriously and took a little more toddy. "Tonight I'll make special oil," he said. "For magic."

"Magic?" I asked.

Eddy began to explain, entirely seriously. "These trevally," he said, "I can catch, kill, eat. They not my devils. My devils you see yesterday. Tropic bird, man-o-war bird. Also sailfish.



man's ray, porpoise. I must not hurt my devils. If I eat them I die, very quick, two or three days."

Now I remembered Eddy's concern over the tropic birds on Motu Tabu; remembered, too, that barely a generation separated him from tribal life on the Gilberts. I remembered a little anthropology also, about the extended family system of Micronesians and their old animist religion, with its tabu creatures—different ones for each family.

The toddy was low again. I fetched more. "You want to talk to my big ghost-devil?" Eddy asked confidentially. "She is Nelkasa. She comes like a very old woman. I can hear her in the night sometimes, messing with the dishes in the kitchen. We go."

We left the party, heading through the star-bright dark toward London, and came to a rusting group of oil storage tanks, left, of course, by the military. "We bring her a smoke," he said as we parked the pickup, and I followed him to a recess between two tanks. He struck a match that showed a neat circle of coral, inside it three stones that made an arch. "Light a cigarette now," he said. "Take three puffs, lay it down. You can leave the whole pack. And some matches. This devil likes to smoke. Now you tell her what you like to have. Tell her you want bog trevally." It was dark, warm and mysterious. I wished.

"Good for get womans, too, if you want to make more wish," he said.

"I thought you told me you went to church," I said evasively.

continued



Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motow, Prop.,
Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



A Christmas toddy is made from coconut sap.

CHRISTMAS *continued*

"I stop when I'm 15; one day I will go again," said Eddy. "My father go back to church when he is 50, when he is old and don't like women. Also because my mother burn up his magic book and don't make cookings for him. My devil woman is better than church because she says, have a good time, make a big party. She gives you what you want right away without waiting."

In the morning, what had passed at the storage tanks seemed a little remote. With Richard Anderson we headed to Y-site, and it was a pleasure to see him hook his first bonefish. "Nearly as good as our kawabai at home," he said, which was wild praise from a Kiwi. We both immersed ourselves in the limitless world of

the bonefish flats, drifting away from where Eddy had run the boat ashore, drifting back when the equatorial sun demanded we drink some cold water.

By then Eddy was busy. He had brought his own trevally outfit, a mighty surf rod left behind by a previous client. Now he was his leader in an oily palm frond, threading it into a bait-fish and leaving the hook clear. "Devil in this oil," he said matter-of-factly, tied the rig to his line and plopped it out into the deep lagoon channel.

It was time to wade the flats again, picking up bones, small trevally, too, on the fly rods. You lose your sense of distance very quickly on the flats, and when I first looked back the boat seemed tiny. Nonetheless, I could see Eddy's big rod, which he had set in a holder, bouncing wildly. I shouted, and the three of us started to run through the shallows to the boat. By the time we got there, little line remained on Eddy's spool, but his mighty muscles had the boat off in seconds and the pursuit was on.

This time the big devil had no coral to plunge into, but there was heavy work before he was shimmering like a great moon at the side of the boat. "Not too big devil," Eddy said, "bout 50 pounds. We get them 80 pounds sometimes. Maybe Neikana don't like your cigarettes much." He went off into gales of laughter.

"What's he talking about?" Anderson said. "What cigarettes?"

"Just his old woman," I said.

Back at the Captain Cook, at 48 pounds the trevally drew admiring attention at the scales, whatever Eddy might have thought, and clearly merited a

picture. Hovering nearby was Tekira Mwemwenikeki, who worked for the government, and I asked him to steady the fish while I took a shot.

He did not demur but seemed a little tentative about holding it. When we were through, I urged him to take the fish.

Tekira was clearly torn. Trevallies, even big ones, are delicious. In the end, though, he explained haltingly that no one in his family cared for *te rereba*. He slipped away, and other, eager hands stretched forward for the fish. Eddy, meantime, was having trouble stifling laughter. "Tekira," he spluttered, "can't eat trevally. This is devil for his family."

"But he went to the University of the South Pacific," I said.

"He still don't want to die in two, three days, though," said Eddy.

"I'll tell your wife about these tricks," I said. "She'll stop cooking for you."

"Sometimes she go away now," Eddy said seriously, "but then I put special oil on my hand, and she back in two days."

It wasn't surprising, therefore, that Eddy wasn't at church in Banana next morning to hear the Rev. Been Timon, in formal Gilbertese wear of white shirt, tie and black wraparound skirt, admonish his congregation to worship God, not Mammon. The call to service had been made by the striking of an iron bar against an old nitrous oxide cylinder left by, of course, the military.

Neither, naturally, was Eddy one of the white-robed choir that after service sang in sweet harmonic Gilbertese first *Hark the Herald Angels Sing* then *Joy to the World*, practicing for one of the special events that in little more than a month would mark Christmas on Christmas Island—a grand competition among the choirs of London, Poland and Banana that would follow the morning service and the midday Christmas feast of pig roasted in an earth pit. A basket of food would be the prize, said the Rev. Timon, and all three villages would assemble for the occasion at the *maranba* (the open-air meeting place) in London.

They can expect Eddy, presumably, in about a quarter of a century, around Christmas 2008 A.D. Maybe not even then.

END



Growing up in London means learning the game of *kemboro*, which is very similar to blackjack.



**If you're running out of ways to tell your boss
the copier broke again, it's time for a Panasonic.**

Before your copier causes a breakdown in communications between you and your boss, tell him about the Panasonic FP-2520. It uses advanced electronics and has four compact flat monitors to help prevent breakdowns. But, like all Panasonic copiers, the FP-2520 is designed to be more than reliable. With its patented Magnafine™ Toning Process you'll make crisp, clean copies, from edge to edge, copy after copy. Even the subtle details of photographs are captured. And with

three sizes of enlargement and four sizes of reduction, the FP-2520 can solve almost any copying problem. Add a few accessories, and this Panasonic becomes a complete copying system that can feed and collate up to 25 copies per minute. Once you get the Panasonic FP-2520 copier, you may never have to speak to your boss again.

If you're afraid to talk to your boss, talk to us. Call 1-800-526-0354. In New Jersey, call (201) 384-0275.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time



Out on the floor of the Los Angeles Sports Arena last Thursday night you could find a Lisa, a Teresa, a Paula, a Pamela, a Wanda, a Rhonda, an Amanda and a Yolanda. But before the game between the top-ranked Southern California women and No. 3 Georgia could come down with a terminal case of terminal a's—just when it cried out for a Janet or a Cheryl—up jumped:

• Janet Harris, the Lady Bulldogs' 6'3", 175-pound power forward and unchallenged queen of the thunder-clap rebound. She ruled the paint, hauling down 15 rebounds and scoring 31 points.

• Cheryl Miller, USC's marvelous 6'3" sophomore forward, who ruled all else. Miller also scored 31 points, including USC's first eight after halftime. All told, she shot 13 for 17, grabbed six rebounds, blocked or altered half a dozen shots, stole several passes and dished off deftly to her mates along the front line. Paula and Pam McGee, as the Women of Troy beat Georgia 82-74 to serve notice that they're of a mind to hang on to their NCAA title. As for Miller, if there had been any lingering doubt that she is the finest female player in the land, forget it.

Less than a week before her brilliant performance against the Lady Dogs, a security guard had found Miller collapsed in a heap in the rain on a ramp outside the Sports Arena, unconscious. "I was running to practice because I didn't want to be late," Miller says, "and I just bent over to catch my breath. The next thing I knew—*Twilight Zone*. It was scary." Even scarier was the fact that this was the second time in two weeks that Miller had fainted. Over the ensuing days she visited St. Mary's Medical Center in Long Beach for a brain scan, Torrance Memorial Hospital for cardiological tests and L.A. Community Hospital for a neurological exam. All tests proved negative, and so the doctors concluded that Miller's problem was simply nutritional. Says Linda Sharp, the USC coach, "She's on a very tight schedule, and some-

Message to Athens from Troy: Gotcha!

USC downed the Lady Bulldogs of Georgia in a battle of unbeaten

by Alexander Wolff

times she just doesn't eat properly."

What's a mother to do? Not ground her, certainly. "She does what we need," Sharp says. "Grab a rebound, get a steal, penetrate when someone on the other team is in foul trouble, take a charge when we need the ball back." And the Women of Troy can hardly afford to lose another player from their ranks. They figured to have their entire championship starting lineup back this season and to be an overwhelming favorite to repeat. But when Point Guard Rhonda Windham tore up her right knee at the National Sports Festival in Colorado Springs last summer and Windham's running mate, Cynthia Cooper, became academically ineligible, Georgia assumed the No. 1 spot in several preseason Top 20 polls, including SI's.

Indeed, in its first few games Southern Cal was vulnerable. Only with Miller rejecting a shot at the buzzer was USC able to preserve an 81-79 defeat of Missouri, and a 16-footer by Pam McGee with five seconds left sent a game at Northwestern into overtime. USC finally prevailing, 67-65. Miller suffered her first fainting spell at a shootaround before that game, then shot 3 for 12 before fouling out.

For their part, the Lady Dogs, also unbeaten, came to L.A. having just snapped Texas' 34-game home-court win streak with a 67-61 victory. Georgia has four starters back from the team that lost to USC 81-57 in the NCAA semifinals last season, including Sports Festival MVP Guard Teresa Edwards, plus two impressive recruits, 6'2" Katrina (Tree) McClain and 6'7" Barbara Bootz. And then there was Harris, a home ec major who learned the game in a Chicago school yard playing against future DePaul stars Mark Aguirre and Skip Dillard. "If there's any player in the women's game who can intimidate with rebounding, it's Janet," says Georgia Coach Andy Landers.



Miller trained on Japanese noodles and root beer.

continued



PLAYERS GO PLACES

Low Tar Players.

Regular and Menthol
Kings and 100's



Kings: 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1993



Despite Harris' 31 points, the Lady Dogs were outplayed by Paula McGee and Co.

junior college in Harriman, Tenn., Georgia had just completed a 6-19 season. The players had boycotted several games because they hadn't gotten along with their coach, Carolyn Lehr, and once the trainer was forced to step in and run the team. In six seasons the Georgia women had gone 37-85, including an ignominious 1-13 against colleges named Berry, Erskine, Shorter and Windthrop. "We always wanted to play Georgia just before the state tournament," says Lady Dog Assistant Coach Carol Higginbottom, who played at Valdosta (Ga.) State. "We knew we'd have an easy win."

Landers once turned down an interview for the Georgia job because the administration wanted him to teach 15 hours of physical classes per week in addition to coaching the team. But when Georgia made the commitment to hire him full time, Landers signed on. He has hawked the program from border to border, and far enough afield to nab Harris, who was the top post prospect in the nation two seasons ago at John Marshall High in Chicago. Landers does it with catchy promotional T-shirts and high-minded motivational slogans. WE DO THE IMPOSSIBLE. ANYTIME. ANYPLACE. ANYWHERE is painted on the team's locker-room wall in Athens. Some people consider the team's nickname a problem—the common word for a female canine has a less decorous connotation—but not Landers. "Go anywhere in this state and say 'Dawg,' and you get identity, tradition and respect," he says.

Georgia planned to slip a snarling woman-to-woman press and a 1-3-1 half-court trap on USC. Both tactics had worked at Texas, where the Longhorns had led by 12 in the second half before the Lady Dogs began throwing bodies at them. "They're so awesome physically and have so much depth," says Texas Coach Jody Conradt. "It was the first time I've gone into a game hoping another team's starters wouldn't get in foul trouble. I really feared the people on their bench were better."

But the Women of Troy had seen nothing but presses in their first six games, and Windham's and Cooper's understudies—freshman Amy Alkek and senior Juliette Robinson, respectively—have developed poise in the face of

extended-court defenses. What's more, Miller has learned to circle back to help bring the ball up, and no one is quick enough to stay with her. "My role as a ball handler has created more offense for me," she says. "I can do pretty much what I want in the open court." Whenever Georgia tried a press, USC would sputter for a possession or two, but never stall. Said Landers, "Our pressure was good—until Miller got the basketball."

Some wonder how Miller, who weighs but 150 pounds, can get any better. "First her outside shot needed improvement, but she did that this summer," says Sharp. "What concerns me now is, she's got all that jumping ability and quickness, but when she goes into a crowd, she doesn't maintain her balance coming down. I'd like to see her concentrate on that—for her own safety."

And she might pay more attention to her diet. "Sometimes I just don't have the desire to eat," Miller says. "I suppose that would be a blessing for other people." She beat Georgia on Japanese noodles and root beer.

Good news for USC is that Cooper is due back this week, but Windham, Miller's roommate, won't be suiting up at all this season. Still, there's no reason why she can't make a valuable contribution. "Rhonda," Miller reports, "can really cook."

THE WEEK

(Dec. 12-13)

by ROGER JACKSON

WEST DePaul held off Texas Tech 50-47 in the final game of the Sunbelt Ballroom robin in Tokyo to make Coach Ray Meyer's birthday complete. Meyer, who turned 70 the day of the Blue Demons' game with the Red Raiders, alerted as his team made just one field goal in the first 8½ minutes of the second half and sank just 12 of 24 from the line.

Three days before, DePaul needed two free throws apiece from Dallas Comegys and Tony Jackson in the final 25 seconds to beat Alabama 77-76. Comegys led DePaul with 19 points. Alabama's Terry Williams, a 6'8" guard, scored 24 points and had five assists. Williams, who was named the tournament's outstanding player, had 20 points and five assists in the Tide's 76-56 defeat of Texas Tech.

After watching a film from last season in which Loussville's Rodney and Scooter McNay made a Tiger sandwich of Memphis State's Keith Lee, UCLA Coach Larry Farmer

continued

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

But for all the support Harris got from frontcourt teammates Lisa O'Connor and Wanda Holloway, the Lady Dogs' big women were no match for Miller and the 6'3" McGee twins. USC's front line is not only big, but also unusually agile. In the Women of Troy's 81-66 defeat of No. 7 Tennessee on Dec. 8, the threesome by itself outscored the Lady Vols 69-66. "USC's front line is like Kentucky's," says UCLA women's Assistant Athletic Director Mike Sondheimer. He meant the Kentucky men. "Pam is like Melvin Turpin around the hoop," he says, "and Paula is the outside shooter and passer, like Sam Bowie. Miller is like Kenny Walker—explosive." Within a minute's span late in the first half against Georgia, Miller, Pam and sister Paula—who recently broke off her engagement to the National League Rookie of the Year, the Mets' Darryl Strawberry—each scored to stretch a six-point USC lead to 12. Georgia never recovered.

Nonetheless, the Lady Dogs have come a long way. When Landers arrived at Georgia in 1979 from Roane State, a

The one car that succeeds at being both small, and Buick.

As you've undoubtedly noticed, you have a very large choice in small cars these days.

In the hope we can make your choice easier, note that only one of them is a Buick Skyhawk.

Though its exterior is small indeed, Skyhawk is unusually generous with comfort, room and other human amenities.

And Skyhawk is also big on engineering. With front-wheel drive, responsive steering

and suspension. Even a T TYPE model, available with a turbocharged engine.

Visit your Buick dealer and buckle yourself into a Skyhawk.

It's the one car to succeed at being both small and Buick at the same time.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Official Car of the XXIII Olympiad
Los Angeles 1984



Some Buicks are equipped with standard anti-lock brakes. *See your Buick dealer for details. ©1984 Buick Corp. All rights reserved.

LIP SERVICE.

GE SERVICE.

Ever get the feeling when you buy an appliance that all the service you were promised was nothing more than lip service?

Well, at General Electric we've built an entire program around service. All kinds of service. To help you *before, during and after* you buy.

GE OPEN FOR QUESTIONS 24 HOURS A DAY.

Imagine picking up your phone, day or night, and getting an answer to any question you have about a GE consumer product. That's the GE Answer Center.[™] Call toll-free 800-626-2000. It's that easy.



STRONG PRODUCTS MEAN LONG WARRANTIES.

The longer the warranty, the better. That's why GE gives you a full 10-year warranty on the PermaTuf[®] tubs in our dishwashers. A full 2-year warranty on most GE telephones. An exclusive, full 2-year warranty on

electric skillets. And a limited 1-year warranty on GE Command Performance[™] television products.

TWO KINDS OF HELP.

Should anything go wrong with a GE product, you'll have access to a nationwide network of factory-trained technicians.



And for many of our major appliances, if you'd rather fix it yourself, there's our Quick Fix[™] system. Complete with repair manuals and easy-to-install parts.

GE GIVES YOU THE CREDIT YOU DESERVE.

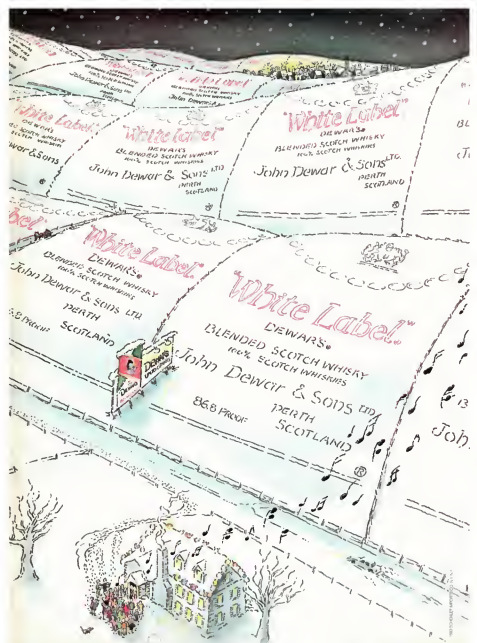
We may even be able to help you finance your major appliance purchase. With fast, convenient credit at modest rates. So that buying a GE appliance will be a simple, easy experience.

NO ONE HELPS YOU LIKE GE.

You already know the frustration of lip service. Now try GE service. There's no other service like it.

WE BRING GOOD THINGS TO LIFE.





er decided to do the same with his front-line bangers. Seven-foot Stuart Gray and 6'10" Brad Wright would muscle Lee, while the rest of the Bruins would help out whenever the wispy forward touched the ball. The strategy paid off: Lee was held scoreless in the first half, and though he finished with 17 points and 10 rebounds, he was never a factor as the Bruins won 65-51 in Pauley Pavilion. "Stu and Brad were the difference in our defense," Farmer said. "They're both physical, and Lee doesn't like a physical game." Gary Maloncon scored 14 points and grabbed six rebounds in his first start for UCLA, while Kenny Fields had a team-high 16 points, 11 rebounds and three steals.

UTEP Coach Don Haskins was so frustrated with the Miners' performance during a 64-57 win over St. Mary's of Texas that he refused to call a time-out. "What do you tell a team during a time-out when they didn't come to play?" Haskins asked. St. Mary's led 30-29 at halftime and trailed 60-57 with just 1:55 to play. But Jaden Smith put the game away for the Miners with four free throws with less than a minute to go. Oregon State benefited from two strong second-half performances to beat Utah 62-49 and Portland 65-49. Sophomore Steve Woodside scored 32 points, grabbed 19 rebounds and had 10 assists in the pair of wins.

MIDWEST In the finals of the Kettle Classic, it was host Houston's Phi Slamma Jamma versus Clackwork Orange, otherwise known as the Princeton Tigers. Employing Coach Pete Carril's patented slowdown passing game, surprising Princeton had upset Santa Clara 75-53 the previous night. Passing the ball as many as 18 times per possession against Houston's multiple defenses, the Tigers trailed just 26-24 at halftime.

"They could do what they wanted to do in the first half because they had the lead or were close to it," said Houston Coach Guy Lewis. But in the second half the Cougars roared back to win 65-40 for their fourth Kettle Classic title. Using a sticky 1-3-1 zone, one of six different defensive sets the Cougs deployed, Houston held Princeton to just 16 points on seven of 19 shooting and forced nine of the Tigers' 15 turnovers. Michael Young, the tournament MVP, scored a game-high 22 points for Houston, while Akeem Abdul Olajuwon had 21 points, five dunks and 17 rebounds. Young scored 24 points and Olajuwon 22 in the Cougars' 92-71 opening-night romp over Stetson.

Playing before a Mid-South Coliseum crowd stunned by the deaths of Football Coach Rex Dockery and three other persons in the crash of a private plane 24 hours earlier, Memphis State beat Mississippi 73-55. "We had a meeting with the players," said Tiger Coach Dana Kirk. "They knew what had happened, but they also knew what they had to

SI TOP 20

1. N. CAROLINA (5-0)	1*
2. KENTUCKY (5-0)	2
3. HOUSTON (7-1)	3
4. DEPAUL (7-0)	4
5. GEORGETOWN (7-1)	5
6. LOUISVILLE (5-2)	7
7. LSU (4-1)	6
8. MARYLAND (5-1)	8
9. BOSTON COLL. (7-0)	10
10. MICHIGAN STATE (5-1)	11
11. UTEP (6-0)	12
12. UCLA (4-1)	13
13. MEMPHIS STATE (5-2)	9
14. WAKE FOREST (5-0)	14
15. OREGON STATE (4-1)	15
16. ARKANSAS (6-2)	18
17. N.C. STATE (7-2)	17
18. PURDUE (7-0)	19
19. VCU (5-1)	16
20. IOWA (3-2)	20

*Last week

do, and they did it." Bobby Parks led the Tigers with 20 points, while Keith Lee poured in 16, had 17 rebounds and blocked four shots. Alvin Robertson and Joe Kleine combined for 69 points in Arkansas' 93-64 rout of North Texas State. Louisville surpassed 100 points for the first time since 1981 in a 105-69 rout of Indiana State. Four days later, the university signed Coach Denny Crum to a 10-year contract.

MIDEAST If any visiting team figured to be unaffiliated playing before the huge crowds at Kentucky's Rupp Arena, it was Brigham Young. After all, the Cougars' own 22,700-seat Marriott Center is the third-largest university arena in the country, after Syracuse's Carrier Dome and Rupp. But when Kentucky mounted a second-half blitz to beat BYU 93-59 and win its 23rd Kentucky Invitational tournament title in 31 years, Wildcat Guard Dicky Beal said, "Sure, BYU plays with 23,000 fans, but not against them. It sure hurt them."

Led by tournament MVP Devin Durant, who scored 22 of his game-high 33 points in the first half, the Cougars held a 36-34 lead at intermission. But in the second half, the crowd of 24,098 "really picked us up and put them down," according to Center Sam Bowie. Way down. Eight and a half minutes into the second half the Wildcats had a 58-48 lead. Then Beal, Melvin Turpin and freshman Winston Bennett combined for 19 points in a 23-0 surge, making it 81-48 with 6:20 remaining. Turpin led a balanced Wildcat attack with 16 points, while Bowie and Bennett combined for 30 points and 24 rebounds.

In the opening round of the tournament,

Brigham Young handed Virginia Commonwealth its first defeat, coming from 11 points back with 16:38 to play to upset the Rams 81-77. Freshman Mike Smith had 12 second-half points, including four key free throws in the final 29 seconds. Kentucky reached the finals by pounding Wyoming 66-40.

Michigan State continued to stumble to victory against mediocre competition. The Spartans got a Cleveland State 71-62 after trailing 16-6 in the early going. Junior Guard Sam Vincent helped prevent an embarrassing loss by scoring a game-high 20 points and added 22 more in an 85-72 defeat of Brooklyn College in East Lansing. Purdue, off to its best start in 46 years, beat Youngstown State 65-54 for its seventh straight victory.

EAST Louisville carded an 83-79 win over North Carolina State in Raleigh. Center Charles Jones, a 33% foul shooter who had made just one of 10 free throws in the game's first 38:58, sank three of four from the line in the last 1:02 after twice being fouled intentionally. "I guess I just concentrated more in the clutch," said Jones, whose last minute heroics overshadowed a 29-point, 14-rebound performance by the Wolfpack's Lorenzo Charles.

Georgetown rolled to a 97-67 victory over South Carolina State despite playing the second half without Center Patrick Ewing, who exited after suffering a mild concussion. After scoring 14 points and grabbing seven rebounds in the first 15 minutes, Ewing banged his head on the Capital Centre floor while taking a charge. But Ewing was his old self on Sunday, getting 20 points and 15 rebounds in a 80-62 defeat of American.

Boston College struggled to an 83-74 victory at Rhode Island, then outdueling arch-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CHERYL MILLER: The sophomore forward scored 31 points on 13 of 17 shooting from the field, got six rebounds and had three assists to lead the USC Women of Troy to an 82-74 win over Georgia.

rival Holy Cross 87-85 in Chestnut Hill. Forward Jay Murphy scored a game-high 31 points to lead the Eagles past Holy Cross, and Michael Adams added 24, including a pair of free throws with five seconds left that ensured the victory. Ben Coleman, with 18 points, led Maryland to a 104-69 triumph over Maryland-Eastern Shore.

After Duke thumped Massachusetts 88-56 to make its record 7-0, sophomore Guard Johnny Dawkins said, "I'm enjoying basketball so much right now, it's hard to take a break." So far Dawkins hasn't given the opposition a break: He's averaging 23.0 points, 5.7 rebounds and five assists a game, and Duke is off to its best start since 1979-80.

ENH

**AS IT WAS
IN THE
BEGINNING**

by William Oscar Johnson



Though most stars of the first Winter Olympics are gone, a few of them—like Herma Szabo-Plank (left)—can recall when, young and innocent, they met in Chamonix



Aug. 6, 1924
43



continued



Lightning struck Charlie Jewtraw on the morning of Jan. 27, 1924 in the mountain village of Chamonix, France. Jewtraw's bolt from the blue came on the first day of competition—in fact, it came in the first event of the first Winter Olympic Games ever held. Against all odds, Jewtraw won the gold

medal (shown above) in the 500-meter speed skating race. He was 23 years old.

Now he's 83. Sitting in his modest apartment in Palm Beach, Fla., Jewtraw recalls the rapturous occasion: "It was like a fairy tale. I was a poor boy from Lake Placid. I'd been national champion, but I'd retired from skating. I wanted to move on. I was being tutored for Bowdoin College—I'd never finished high school, but I wanted my education. Then I got a telegram saying we would send an Olympic team to France. I hadn't trained at all. I didn't want to go. My tutor convinced me I should. I was so sick crossing the ocean that I kept praying the ship would sink. I wasn't even nervous the day of the race. Why would I be? I knew I couldn't win."

Jewtraw had never skated a 500-meter race, because the comparable sprint distance in the U.S. was only 440 yards. And he'd also never skated against the clock before, or skated in a one-on-one heat or been in a race in which the skaters changed lanes at the midway point. This was because all speed skating races in the U.S. then were run in five- or six-man heats. Jewtraw also had never been through a flag-drop start—pistols were used in the U.S. And, as he says, "I had never skated against such skaters as the Scandinavians who were there. They were the best in the world. I had everything against me."

Skating in the 13th heat at Chamonix against Charles Gorman, a Canadian he knew well, Jewtraw bowed his head before the start and said to himself, "For my country and my God, I'll do my best." He recalls the race: "I was always great on starts, but Gorman got the jump on me. He was going like a cyclone. I was in the outside lane, and I knew we had to change lanes somewhere down the line. I hadn't watched any heats before ours, so I couldn't figure out how it would happen. But somehow it did, and after we changed I was ahead. I have no idea how it happened. We were screaming along, and then I got a second wind. I didn't dare look behind to see where Gorman was. I beat him by a second and a half. He told me he was completely exhausted. I had emptied him out."

Jewtraw's time was 44 seconds flat—one-fifth of a second faster than that of



Jewtraw, who got the Olympics off to a fast start, now lives in this modest apartment in Palm Beach.



any other skater in the field. Then came the post-race ceremony: "I stood in the middle of the rink, and they played *The Star-Spangled Banner*," he says. "The whole American team rushed out on the ice. They hugged me like I was a beautiful girl. Oh my God. . . ." Tears fill Jewtraw's eyes as he remembers these things. "My teammates threw me in the air. The

jevo, Yugoslavia on Feb. 8—and the survivors of the 1924 Games are few and far-flung. Besides Jewtraw, only one winner of an individual gold medal is alive.

She's a sweet-faced, dainty Austrian woman of 82 years. Her name is Helene Szabo, though she was known during her skating days by her married name, Szabo-Plank. She lives alone in a gabled

field of competitors, one of whom was a dimpled sylph from Norway named Sonja Henie, then 11 years and nine months old, the youngest Olympic participant that year—or ever.

In all, 34 gold medals were awarded in 1924 to various individuals, pairs and teams. Besides Jewtraw and Szabo-Plank, two other winners survive, but



Carrying the tools of their various sports, the American Olympians paraded across the ice rink on their way to the sparsely attended opening ceremonies.

loudspeakers were booming out in French, 'Charlie Jewtraw of the U.S. of A. wins the first race in the first Winter Games!' Oh my God. . . ." Jewtraw is weeping openly now. His voice is becoming thin and shaky. "I ask you, how many people have a moment like that? I did. I did. . . . Oh God, oh God. . . ." Jewtraw covers his eyes with one hand, overcome again with the splendor of that morning when he was the first.

The first is now almost the last. We are within a few weeks of the 60th anniversary of those Games in Chamonix—the 14th Winter Olympics will begin in Sara-

mountain house in the 1,000-year-old village of Admont, about 100 miles southwest of Vienna. She has been a widow for 15 years. She's lonely much of the time. She must use two canes to get about. Ah, but Szabo-Plank was once the most celebrated of figure skaters. She was repeatedly world champion during the 1920s. She was a member of a skating dynasty that included uncles, cousins and her beautiful mother, Christine, who once dazzled Czar Nicholas II with her balletic skating on the royal rink in St. Petersburg. At Chamonix, Szabo-Plank won her gold medal with an overwhelmingly superior performance against a strong

they won their golds in concert with others. One, Szabo-Plank's cousin, Helene Engelmann, got her medal in pairs figure skating. She is 83, feeble and senile. The other, a Scotsman named Lawrence Jackson, was one of four men on Great Britain's curling team, which earned the gold with a 46-4 drubbing of France and a 38-7 victory over Sweden, the only other countries to enter the event. Jackson, who's in his 80s, is frail, shy and reclusive.

The rest of the Chamonix gold medalists are dead. The deceased include all nine members of the Canadian hockey team, which simply annihilated its oppo-

continued



continued

sition, winning all five of its games by the incredible combined margin of 110 goals to 3, the extraordinary Norwegian skier, Thorleif Haug who, as a brawny forerunner of triple-gold medalists Toni Sailer and Jean-Claude Killy, won three events; Clas Thunberg, the stormy Finnish superstar who was almost the Eric Heiden of his day, winning three gold, a silver and a bronze in speed skating; and all

four members of the Swiss bobsled team who, oddly enough, lived to enter their 80s and then, beginning in late 1982, died within 11 months of each other.

The opening day parade on Jan. 25 was a happy straggle of folks making their way through the narrow streets of Chamonix. There were 294 athletes from 18 countries. One team member carried his nation's flag, the others carried the tools of their sports—skates, skis, hockey sticks, curling stones, even bobsleds. Intermingled with the Olympians were local mountain guides, players from local soccer, hockey and curling teams and fire fighters from the Chamonix volunteer brigade. The village council and the mayor marched, too, and there was hither muttering among some in the crowd when Mayor Jean Lavanvère strutted by. Many Chamonixians had been irked when the mayor's son, Charles, a notoriously inferior athlete, had been made a member of the French Olympic hockey team. That was the kind of political cause célèbre that enlivened these Olympics.

The parade meandered onto the rink that was to be the central ceremonial spot in town. Mont Blanc loomed five miles to the south like an alabaster version of Olympus itself. The crowd of 2,089, which only half filled the grandstand at the rink, gave one of its greatest ovations to Henie, who, in pleated skirt and a club blazer too large for her, skipped alongside the blond giant carrying the Norwegian flag.

Chamonix, which had a population of 5,000, was picked for the Games primarily because the International Olympic Committee then believed that it was preferable to hold the Winter Games in the same country as the Summer Games. Since the Summer Olympics of 1924 would be in Paris, a locale in France was sought to host the winter events. A wealthy crowd from England and France had been dabbling in wintertime recreation at Chamonix since before World War I. Accordingly, in '24 it was one of the few villages in the French Alps that was served by the railroad, and it also had plenty of hotels, restaurants and even a few casinos. The village was still remote, but the idea of the common man attending spectator sports in winter was even more so. As Roger Frison-Roche of Chamonix, now 78, an author of novels about nature and mountaineering and a

member of the local organizing committee in 1924, recalls, "Only the rich could afford to come. Workers didn't have vacations. These Olympics attracted a clientèle de luxe."

A cumulative total of 37,863 people were present at the 11 sessions, but that included athletes, coaches, the press, trainers, officials, etc. Only 10,044 tickets were sold during the Olympic period from Jan. 25 to Feb. 5—an average of 913 a day. Elis Sandin, now 82, was a member of the Swedish ski team and he recalls: "Tourists in Chamonix seemed more interested in the social whirl than in the Olympic sporting life."

Among those who attended the Games was Baron Pierre de Coubertin, then 61, the French aristocrat who had been the driving force behind the creation of the modern Olympics in 1896. Arguments in favor of holding a Winter Games had arisen in the IOC as early as 1911, and, oddly enough, there had been a figure skating competition in the 1908 Olympics in London, and in the Antwerp Games in 1920 figure skating and hockey were included. The baron, however, opposed the idea of a separate Winter Games because he felt that the Games would cause disunity in the Olympic movement because warm-weather countries would feel left out. Moreover, the Scandinavian countries were opposed to Winter Games for fear that the Olympics would relegate their own quadrennial spectacular, the Nordic Games, to second-class status, which, of course, is just what happened. Nevertheless, in 1921 a well-organized pro-Winter Olympics faction in the IOC voted to allow a winter sports program to be held each Olympic year under the "patronage" of the IOC. De Coubertin surrendered unconditionally in a speech at the closing ceremonies in Chamonix. He praised winter sports for their "purity" and he declared that they would hold a "definitive place" in all "Olympic manifestations" from that day forward.

The real Olympic manifestations in Chamonix began two days after the parade. In the morning, there was Jew-traw's fairy tale. Then in the afternoon, Thunberg, a 30-year-old construction worker from Helsinki, began to put his mark on Olympic history. That first morning he'd tied for a bronze in the 500-meter speed skating race, and in the afternoon he won the gold medal in the

continued



Szabo-Plank lives in a 1,000-year-old village.



Don't just tape it. TDK it.

TDK video tape mirrors life. Every replay reflects all the color, action and sound of the original event, giving you optimum performance that only TDK can offer.

That's because TDK's exclusive Super Avilyn tape formulation assures consistent quality performance, play after play. Images stay crisp. Sound is reproduced faithfully. And colors stay uniform and natural—even in the demanding SLP mode.

But there's more to TDK video tape than meets the eye. TDK is the world leader in video tape technology. Our knowledge sets us apart from all other tape manufacturers when it comes to developing the ultimate performance.

For example, every TDK video cassette is engineered and manufactured to tolerances 250% higher than the industry standards. What's more, every TDK video cassette must pass rigid quality control checks during every phase of production. The end result is unmatched reliability and jam-proof performance.

So for clean, natural colors, crisp images and a world of enjoyment, don't just tape it. TDK it.



 **TDK.**



continued

5,000; in the next two days Thunberg won a gold in the 1,500, another gold for combined results and a silver in the 10,000-meter race. He would win two more gold medals in the 1928 Olympics.

Thunberg was a strange and moody bird, the edges of whose personality were as sharp as those on his skates. Before the 1924 Olympics, the Finnish skaters trained briefly in Switzerland. Thunberg, who hated the Swiss food, particularly the sausages, confronted the team leader and snapped, "This eating of boiled snakes has got to stop!" Thunberg was mollified only after the Finnish ski team agreed to share the precious cache of black bread, butter and pork that it had brought all the way from Helsinki. In Chamionix, Thunberg provoked such a fierce quarrel with the skaters' trainer that the man refused to call Thunberg's lap times during his races.

After Chamionix, Thunberg returned home to brass bands and adoring crowds. The 1924 world speed skating championships were to be held in Helsinki within the month. It seemed a time tailor-made for Thunberg to cut a place for himself forever among the Finnish gods of sport. But with characteristic obtuseness, he skated in one race, then pleaded fatigue and refused to compete anymore. Unfortunately, the same night he dropped out he was seen in a restaurant with his wife. The Finnish press ripped him to ribbons.

In 1925 the American promoter Tex Rickard brought Thunberg to the U.S. for a tour during which he amazed large crowds by shattering five world records. A worshipful press dubbed him The Narmi of the Ice Ring. This accolade infuriated the thin-skinned Thunberg, who believed that Paavo Nurmi should have been called The Thunberg of the Running Track.

Thunberg retired from skating in 1935 and made a comfortable living for the rest of his life from a building-cleaning firm he founded in Helsinki. He died at 80 in 1974. His last years weren't without honor. In 1967 he was given the gold cross of the Award of Merit of Finnish Sport. It is an order open to only 12 living Finns at a time. Of course, Nurmi had been a member since 1947.

The Finnish speed skaters dominated their sport in the 1924 Games, winning four gold medals, two silvers and two bronzes. By contrast, Finland's cross-country skiers, who had long assumed themselves to be the *crème de la crème* of their sport, produced only a single individual medal—a bronze.

It was won by one Tapuni Niku, now a thin little man of 88 who's still fit and bright. The story behind his lowly bronze medal may be more heroic—more morally heroic, if you will—than any tale of how Niku came by the multitude of other trophies he has won in his long life.

Here's how it happened. Cocky as they were about their superiority as skiers, the Finns had never competed outside Scandinavia before. They got an inkling of the trouble that lay ahead the first day they trained on the Olympic 50-km

course. "We found the uphill runs no problem," recalls Niku, "but there was a 700-meter downhill so steep and so icy that it was impossible to negotiate it on our birchwood skis. The gorges in the Alps were like nothing we had seen. The Norwegians had hickory skis with sharp-



Husgen, 85, indicates the form he used to win—50 years later—the bronze medal in ski jumping.



er cutting edges. This had always been true, but it had never mattered before."

The Finns complained to the organizers that the downhill runs were too dangerous. The Norwegians complained that they were too tame. The French agreed to change the course—by adding yet another "gigantic, steep ice slope," according to Niku. Only one of four Finns who entered even finished the 50-km race. He was seventh. The others, including Niku, fell on the fierce downhill. All three nonfinishers were hurt, two severely—one had a broken leg and Niku had two fractured ribs. The following day would be the 18 km, and the French promised they'd lay out an easier course. "They didn't keep that promise," says Niku

"Four of us started and two fell. I came in third, behind two Norwegians. My ribs felt as though there was a puukko [sheath knife] stuck between them."

As it turned out, Niku had a chance to turn his bronze to gold. The rules governing the 18 km had been vague. Inexplicably, that race also was being used as the cross-country skiing half of the Nordic combined event, which includes a ski jumping phase as well.

The two Norwegians who finished in front of Niku were entered as combined-event racers and not as competitors in the 18 km. The Finnish team captain told Niku the night after the race that if he appealed, he would almost certainly be upheld and awarded the gold medal. Niku calmly recalls his reply: "I said no. I thought it would be unsporting to appeal. I said that the Norwegians were clearly better on those tracks, and they definitely deserved the victory."

The Norwegian juggernaut, which won 11 of a possible 12 medals in Nordic skiing, was powered in large part by Haug. 29, a tough, stocky plumber from the town of Drammen. Not only did Haug win the gold medal in the oddly constituted 18-km race, but he got another gold in the combined and a third in the 50 km. He had a bronze medal in the ski jump, to boot. After his feats of '24 Haug's countrymen called him *Skikongen*—Ski King. He dabbled in designing ski bindings for a time, but mainly he remained a plumber until his death in 1934 of pneumonia at the age of 40. Today there's a statue of Haug in Drammen.

In a strange turn of fortune, one of Haug's 1924 medals was taken away from him 50 years after his death and given to an American bricklayer named Anders Haugen, who at 95 is almost certainly the oldest living athlete from the Chamonix Olympics. He lives in Yucaipa, Calif., near Palm Springs, and still walks a mile every day. Haugen attributes his long life to his athletic fitness—he was performing as a professional stunt ski jumper, leaping over cars and the like, at 63—and to vegetarianism.

Haugen, who was born in Norway, came to America in 1908 when he was 20. He and his older brother, Lars, won 11 U.S. ski jumping championships between them, and Anders set three world records. When the American Olympic ski team was organized in 1924, Anders was 36 years old, and he was made cap-

tain. Lars warned him, "You may out-jump all of them, but you won't win. The judges won't let you." Today Anders looks back over six decades and says with a sigh, "Lars's words came true. I'm only glad I was prepared for what happened."

When Haugen jumped, he leaned radically forward over the tips of his skis. He was well ahead of his time—other jumpers of his era stood nearly upright as they flew through the air. As Haugen says, "I showed the way for modern jumpers to get low under the wind."

Haugen was tremendous at Chamonix, making the longest jump of the competition, 50 meters. The crowd shouted and whistled with admiration at his feat. The U.S. coach hugged Haugen and shouted in his ear, "You've got them all beat, Anders!" But Haugen knew better. As he explains it: "I was a Norwegian runaway to America and that was bad business. The judges were all European, and they resented me. The other jumpers were not gentlemen to me either. Only Haug was different. Yes, he took the bronze medal that was rightfully mine. But he had good manners, and he talked to me about the United States and other things. But my brother had been right. The judges would never let me win." Haugen was placed fourth even with the length of his jump because his form was ruled to be all wrong.

Despite the judges' machinations, Haugen had actually accumulated enough points for the bronze; a mathematical error cost him the medal. Following a long campaign by the Norwegian ski historian Jakob Vang, justice was served in 1974. In a ceremony in Oslo, Haug's daughter, Anne Marie, presented Haugen, then 86, with the bronze medal he'd earned a half century before. A Norwegian newspaper headline read: LATE BUT GOOD.

Besides the judges' machinations, Haugen had actually accumulated enough points for the bronze; a mathematical error cost him the medal. Following a long campaign by the Norwegian ski historian Jakob Vang, justice was served in 1974. In a ceremony in Oslo, Haug's daughter, Anne Marie, presented Haugen, then 86, with the bronze medal he'd earned a half century before. A Norwegian newspaper headline read: LATE BUT GOOD.

Szabo-Plank remembers, for example,

that there was great anxiety among the four competitors who made up the Austrian Olympic figure skating team. "We were so worried, so nervous," she says. "Germany hadn't been invited to the Olympics because of their part in the Great War. And we were very afraid of what our reception might be. We four had worked as hard as we ever could in preparing for these competitions. We were determined to show the world that our tiny, shrunken, postwar Austria was still very much alive." To their great relief, the Austrians were received with warmth during the parade—"People threw their caps in the air," Szabo-Plank recalls—and they proceeded to deliver a medal-per-capita performance that no other team in Chamonix could match. Engelmann and Alfred Berger won silver in the pairs, and Willi Böckl was the gold medalist in men's figure skating behind the elegant Swede, Göllis Grafström. And, of course, Szabo-Plank, then 22 and already twice a world champion, got her gold.

She remembers her triumph well: "I always had a new dress for major competitions, and I wore a terra-cotta-colored wool that day. The music was provided by six musicians, five strings and a piano. It was broadcast over 10 electric megaphones around the grandstand. On the day of the ladies' free skating competition, however, there was a strong wind blowing the music away from the rink. We managed all right."

But when Szabo-Plank finished her program, she wasn't at all sure that she had managed. Until Chamonix, she had never seen American or British women skaters perform, and they awed her. "They seemed so much prettier, and they skated so differently—so modern," she says. Upon leaving the ice, Szabo-Plank hurried back to her hotel room and undressed, convinced that she had lost.

Moments later, her father, Alexander von Szabo, a wealthy Viennese export-import merchant, pounded on her door: "Get dressed. You've won," he shouted. "They're already hoisting the Austrian



A guide shows the old form.

continued

**WE'RE INSURING THE OLYMPICS BECAUSE
OUR BUSINESS IS ENSURING PEOPLE'S DREAMS.**





In 1984, Transamerica Insurance and Transamerica Occidental Life will insure the Olympic Games.

Providing accident and health insurance for every athlete, trainer and coach.

Providing liability insurance for the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee to cover its obligations to every spectator and Olympic site.

It's a tremendous undertaking. Yet the same kind of total commitment we're making to the Olympic Games, we make to every individual or group we insure.

Because our business is ensuring people's dreams.

Transamerica. Insurance. Finance. Manufacturing. Transportation. Innovation.

Transamerica 

THE POWER OF THE PYRAMID IS WORKING FOR YOU.





continued



Skier Sandfin later became a moose hunter.

flag." Szabo-Plank put on her skating costume, returned to the rink and learned that she had swept both compulsory and free skating competitions by such margins that the judges had awarded her the gold medal by a unanimous vote. Henie, the dimpled favorite of the crowd, came in eighth, but her promise was dazzling. Herr Szabo told a Viennese newspaper that little Sonja's free skating was "full of recurring elegant poses and difficult jumps," and "if she remains an amateur, she will be the future world champion."

He was right, but neither he nor his daughter liked it when his prediction came true. Szabo-Plank went on to win the singles world championship in 1924, '25 and '26 and, with a Viennese skater named Ludwig Wrede, the pairs title in '25 and '26. The '27 world competition was to be held in Henie's hometown of Oslo, however. Szabo-Plank today is as agitated about what happened there as she was at the time. "The end wasn't a pretty story," she says grimly. "It was a scandal. Henie was a very sweet little girl, but her father and her fans did not behave properly."

On the train to Oslo, an Austrian conductor told Szabo-Plank that the town was plastered with posters paid for by Henie's father that proclaimed a victory for his daughter in advance. He also said that fans were in an unruly mood. This proved to be correct. "At the hotel," recalls Szabo-Plank, "some Norwegians ruined my skating boots with a razor blade. I soon learned also that the figure skating jury was composed of one Austrian, one German and five Norwegians. I knew that no matter what I did I would be rated below Henie."

Henie was indeed crowned world champion that year. She also won Olympic gold medals in 1928, '32 and '36, and became a Hollywood star and then a businesswoman so shrewd that she is reputed to have made something like \$500 million by the time she died of cancer in 1969 at the age of 57.

Szabo-Plank and her partner won the pairs at Oslo in 1927, but this didn't placate her. She quit skating. She took up skiing and was a member of the Austrian Alpine team for 10 years. She married four times, and her fourth husband, Hans Stark, the director of Austria's national forests, made her very happy until he died in 1968 after 20 years of marriage. "All that remains of my youth is the discipline of a sportswoman," she says. "Every day, rain or shine, I force myself to walk 10 rounds in the garden." She moves slowly there, poking her canes one after the other into the ground. Once in a while her blue eyes lift to gaze at the Alps before her. Her eyes are bright and lively—much like, one assumes, the eyes of the young woman who 60 years ago proudly watched the Austrian flag rise above the ice in the center of Chamonix.

By the time the closing competitive event began on the rink on Feb. 3, the ice

had been consecrated with the sweat and tears of dozens of Olympians. The last event—the hockey finale between Canada and the U.S.—added a sprinkling of blood. The game was called by one journalist "the roughest hockey struggle ever played in Europe."

The two teams had both made mincemeat of their opposition. The Canadians had won three games in the preliminary round, over Czechoslovakia, Sweden and Switzerland, by an 85-0 margin and then had wiped out Great Britain in the semifinals 19-2. The U.S. had defeated Belgium, Great Britain and France by the cumulative score of 52-0 and then had beaten Sweden in the semis by 20-0. At one point in the British-American game, the hailstorm of U.S. goals was so demoralizing that the British coach lined up four men across the goal mouth to keep the puck from going in.

The U.S. team was very proud of its goalie, Alphonse (Frenchie) LaCrox, who was from the Boston area, as were most members of the team. His string of goose-egg games gave the Americans a sense of confidence that bordered on arrogance. At one point, a U.S. official quite seriously suggested to a Canadian counterpart that, because there might well be a scoreless tie in the final game, the American team would claim the gold because its average of goals scored to goals against was better than Canada's. The Canadians took this idea lightly at first, but then grew progressively angrier.

The hockey playing surface was 90' x 180', and it was laid out over whichever section of the rink had the most acceptable ice. There were no boards, and the boundaries were formed by tree trunks laid end-to-end. Nets were draped across the areas behind the goals so pucks wouldn't sail off toward the Alps. The sun was a critical factor in some games, because on a clear day it could blind a goalie facing into it. Thus, a team's pregame selection of which goal to defend could be very important. The U.S. and Canadian captains joined the referee at center ice expecting him to flip a coin to determine which team would get its pick. To their surprise, the official asked each man, "How old are you?" The Canadian said 21, the American said 28 and the referee said broadly, "Thank you, gentlemen. The older man will now make his choice of ends."

The game was a furious succession of

continued



Atlanta Falcons Photo

Is football the most important thing in Steve Bartkowski's life?

No. Steve Bartkowski of the Atlanta Falcons is one of the top quarterbacks in the National Football League. In fact, many sports experts call him the best pure passer in pro football today. He has 20 team records to his credit, and has been to the Pro Bowl twice.

You might think that football was the most important thing in Steve Bartkowski's life. But it isn't.

"Of course I love playing football," he says, "and despite the pressures of the game there is a great thrill that goes along with being quarterback for a professional football team. But, there is no greater attainment than to know God in a personal way. Nothing compares to it in all the world. As for my career, I leave that in His hands. It says in His Word: 'In everything you do, put God first, and He will direct you and crown your efforts with success.'"

God's love and power are at work in Steve Bartkowski's life. And you

can enjoy God's love, and experience His wonderful guidance and power, in your own life.

"Power for Living"—yours FREE!

An illustrated paperback book entitled *Power for Living* has just been published. It will show you how to find unending courage and guidance, along with the inner strength to face the problems we all encounter in the course of daily living. Best of all, it will start you on the way to the most joyous experience any human being can know—a personal relationship with God.

To get your FREE copy of *Power for Living*, mail the coupon—or, for faster service, call the toll-free number below. No one will visit you or try to sell you anything, either by mail or by phone. And no contributions will be solicited or accepted.

Act NOW to get your FREE copy of *Power for Living*. It can turn your life around.



Mail this coupon for your

FREE

copy of "Power for Living."

Please send my FREE copy of *Power for Living*. I understand this is a no-risk, no-obligation offer. No one will phone or visit at my home. My name will not be used for any other purpose whatsoever. *Power for Living* is mine to keep absolutely FREE with no strings attached.

Mail to: Power for Living, Box 34370, Omaha, NE 68134

Name

Address

City

State Zip

NO CONTRIBUTIONS
SOLICITED OR ACCEPTED.



228-0120

For your FREE copy of *Power for Living*

Call Toll-Free 1-800-228-0120

Presented as a public service by The Arthur S. DeMoss Foundation to celebrate The Year of The Bible as proclaimed by the U.S. Congress and President Reagan.

*Power for Living (Living Bible)



continued

mass rushes punctuated by heavy collisions. The Canadians scored first, breaking LaCroix' streak. Then they got another goal. Both scores were put in by Harry Watson, 25, a swift, rugged wing from Toronto. In Canada's first three games, Watson had accumulated a staggering 33 of his team's 85 goals. He was an obvious target for the U.S. players, and his nose was bloodied in the first moments of

awarded at the closing ceremonies, but many winners had already departed. An Austrian skating judge brought Szabo-Plank's gold medal back to Vienna for her, and someone from the U.S. hockey team picked up Jewtraw's and gave it to him later in Boston.

Many of the absentee victors, along with other Olympians, headed for Paris in search of sweet respite. Some found it, some didn't. Thunberg had no money when he arrived and could only wait in anger until his young wife sent him his fare home. Niku tried to enjoy himself at the Moulin Rouge nightclub, but his bro-

coffee or soda pop, but I will tell you that on occasion we stayed out all night, and on one occasion we did wind up with some of those girls."

Jewtraw recalls Paris with such joy that his remarks are often delayed by long bouts of laughter. "Oh God, it was like my first day off the farm," he says. "I called all the girls 'Chérie' no matter what their names were. I was deathly afraid of disease, and I was also afraid of headlines like SKATERS ALL CAUGHT IN FRENCH CATHOUSE. I was so innocent."

Steinmetz recalls this episode involving the naive Jewtraw: "We decided it was time to deprive Charlie of his virginity. I told one of the French girls that he'd never been with a woman. She was very intrigued by this fact, and she went in a room with him. A few minutes later Charlie was yelling at her, 'Get out! Get out! My mother told me about you girls!' She came out mad as hell. Oh, how we laughed."

Upon being told of Steinmetz' tale, Jewtraw laughs until tears roll down his cheeks and then says, "No, no, it was like this. The girl undressed and I said to her, 'I'll give you five dollars, Chérie, on one condition: that you don't tell the boys that we didn't make love.' See, I had made a solemn promise to my darling mother back in Lake Placid not to do anything with the girls in Paris. I meant to keep that promise. Well, for some reason, the girl got mad. She went running into the hall. I yelled at her. She



Grouse LaCroix couldn't keep the Canadians from trouncing the U.S. 6-1 in a battle that left blood on the ice.

play. He gave as good as he got and served time in the penalty box. Despite the mayhem, Watson scored three goals and had an assist on a fourth. He was a superstar if ever there was one, but when he got home after the Games, he refused to turn pro. Instead he went into the insurance business, in which he prospered until he died in 1957.

Canada won the hockey championship 6-1. When the game was at last over, the teams embraced on the blood-spattered ice. That savage performance ended the Winter Olympics of 1924. On Feb. 5, medals were to be officially

ken ribs hurt badly when he laughed. The six-man American speed skating team, on the other hand, found Paris a veritable pleasure dome.

William Steinmetz, now 83 and a wealthy man living in Lake Geneva, Wis., had competed in three races at Chamonix, a 12th in the 1,500 meters was his best result. He remembers Paris with much greater pleasure than he remembers Chamonix: "The Folies-Bergère was first on the list. All six skaters and the manager went. There were those nude girls on stage, and they'd come sell you booze at intermission. We bought only

opened another door, and there was Bill Steinmetz, bare naked. And he was with a girl who was also bare naked. But she was from Cleveland not from Paris! Oh God... and Bill was so mad..." Jewtraw cannot continue, because he's laughing too hard.

From Paris, Steinmetz and Jewtraw and another U.S. skater went to London. Among the clientèle de luxe they'd met in Chamonix was an Englishwoman who had invited them to have dinner in London with her and with a mysterious "Lord and Lady Ashley." Amazingly enough, that's exactly what happened:

continued



The new Technics Digital Disc Players. Now lasers and computers give you the one experience your conventional audio system never could: Reality.

Reality: The duplication of a live musical performance. The most elusive goal of all. Yet reality is precisely what you hear with Technics digital disc players.

How? Technics revolutionary digital disc players have a laser instead of a conventional stylus. Because instead of conventional record grooves, digital discs have a computer code. The laser "reads" this code as a computer instantaneously translates it into music.

What you hear is not just a reproduction of the music, but a re-creation of it: reality.

And nothing touches the digital disc except the laser beam. That means there is no wear. No noise. And no distortion. All of which can plague conventional records.

All this Technics digital technology comes together in the new generation Technics digital disc players. The remarkable SL-P8 and SL-P7.

You can program the SL-P8 up to 32 different ways. Play any selection you want. In any order you want. Repeat the selections you like. Even skip ones you don't.

Auto Music Scan automatically plays the first 10 seconds of every selection. So finding the selection you want is easy.

The fluorescent display shows you precisely where the laser is on the disc. So you can even find the exact notes you want to hear.

And to let you do all this from across the room, there's even an infrared remote control.

Experience the full range of Technics digital technology. Including the new SL-P8 and affordable SL-P7. The digital revolution continues at Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

Buy a Technics Compact Disc Player between January 1 and May 31, 1984 and Technics will send you 5 free Digital Audio Discs. See your participating Technics dealer for details.



converted

The U.S. skaters, dressed in their Olympic sweaters, dined in a luxurious London home with an authentic Lord and Lady Ashley. Steinmetz says now that this event changed his life forever: "Boy, were those people sophisticated! I watched them. I listened to them, and I saw right then that I didn't know anything but skating. I swore I was going to broaden my horizons." Steinmetz had been a \$15-a-week apprentice electrician, but once he got home he took public-speaking courses and eventually started his own business and made a fortune selling electric toasters, fans and radios.

Jewtraw's life also changed because of his Olympic trip. He never did go to Bowdoin. Instead, the Spalding sporting goods firm offered him a job doing a few skating exhibitions. Jewtraw progressed in the company until, by early 1929, he was acting manager of the Spalding store at the Lake Placid Club. He recalls with a faraway look, "It was a golden opportunity—\$60 a week and I lived at the club. Then it turned out that the district manager didn't like me. He was a Yale man; all the big shots at Spalding were Yale men. I was just an Olympic skater. They backed him. I had to resign."

Jewtraw got a job in the men's department at Macy's in New York City. He got married in 1930 to Natalie Brewer, and they had high hopes. "I just wanted to make enough to support the woman I loved, and I would have been all right," he says. "But then everything went wrong. The Depression came, and it was terrible. People didn't buy anything." Macy's laid him off in 1933. "I banged around; I kept moving to new jobs in stores," he says. In 1938, he began working as rink custodian and part-time instructor at the Gay Blade, a public skating emporium at 52nd and Broadway. "It got to be a disagreeable job," says Jewtraw. "I worked

12, 14 hours a day. I gave lessons for a dollar and gave 50 cents back to the management. People knew I was once some kind of a famous skater. No one knew about the Olympics."

Jewtraw quit the Gay Blade in 1940 and got a job as a security guard for First

National City Bank in New York. He stayed there until 1962, when he retired. "I carried a pistol all those years," he recalls, "but I was fortunate. I never took it out of the holster. When I first started, a bank executive said, 'Charlie, always remember you're the first face most people see when they come in the bank. Be nice.' I looked at the job as public relations as much as security. I liked the work except for my feet. The floor was terrazzo. At Chase and Bankers Trust the guards had mats, but not at City Bank. It was like standing on a cold tombstone all day. My feet hurt all the time near the end."

Charlie and Natalie have been in Palm Beach for eight years now. They rent a small apartment not far from the beach. They live on Social Security and some savings. In 1980, his old friends in Lake Placid tried to get him to come back to his hometown for the Winter Olympics. He would have been a very honored guest up there. "I couldn't go," he says sadly. "I was real depressed after an operation, and I didn't want to talk to anybody except my darling Natalie. She took care of me. Now I'm taking care of her." His wife is becoming increasingly crippled from arthritis, so Jewtraw shops, cooks and keeps house for the two of them.

He says quietly, "Fame doesn't bring all that one might think. That gold medal never changed me at all. I never meant to capitalize on it." He pauses, blinks as if in surprise, and says, "But then I never had a chance to, did I?" There isn't a trace of bitterness or even resignation in Jewtraw's voice. "I donated the medal to the Smithsonian in 1957. It didn't matter to me. It wasn't solid gold. It was just silver with some gold coating." He pauses and gazes through the open window at the palm fronds. "It really bothered me when I found out about the medal not being solid gold. It wasn't the value. It was the principle of the thing that got me."

Lightning struck Charlie Jewtraw in Chamonix, but it only struck once. He never went to Europe again. **END**



Steinmetz was disappointed in Chamonix, but did better in Paris.

© 1994 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. Winston Lights

Winston Lights

Winston. America's Best.



Join the first team.
Reach for Winston.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Yesterday

by SCHUYLER BISHOP

DECEMBER HERALDS A SAD BUT VIVID MEMORY OF FOOTBALL, WAR AND DEATH

This true story was told to the author by a friend some years ago.

The night before my grandmother died I was reprimanded at the dinner table and told I wouldn't be allowed to listen on the radio to what was to be the game of the year for New York City's football fans. It was early December 1941, and my father had been telling my mother and me how the dense fog had rolled in that morning. Before it was engulfed in the fog, he said, the Statue of Liberty had looked like a spotlighted Ziegfeld Follies girl with stage smoke at her feet. I'd seen the fog on the water, too, so I piped in, "Yeah, you couldn't even see Jersey."

As soon as I said it, I knew I was in trouble. We lived in a brownstone on West 44th Street, and I was forbidden to go to the docks along the Hudson. My father put down his fork. "Where did you have occasion to see New Jersey?" he asked. I couldn't believe my stupidity. "Well?" my father said, his face growing stern. I knew I was doomed. I didn't say anything. He told me to come directly home after school and stay in my room every day for a week. And then came the crusher: "And no radio, and that includes the game on Sunday."

He knew how to hurt. My team, the New York Football Giants, already Eastern Division champs, was playing the Brooklyn Football Dodgers for the second time that season. The Brooks had beaten the Giants at Ebbets Field the first time around, and as my friend Tommy, who had moved to 44th Street from Brooklyn, said, champs or not, if the Giants lost again they'd be second in the city. I told my father he couldn't do that to me. He sent me to my room.

When I came home from school the next day, there was a black crepe wreath on our front door. Before I was able to figure out why it was there, Mom came out on the stoop and told me that Nanna had died last night, "Last night?" I said, not so upset that Nanna had died as that she had died in my old bed in the room she'd taken over from me the summer be-

fore I'd been sleeping in the room next to her when she'd died.

Nanna had been sick for as long as I could remember, and she never really did seem to know who I was. Mom said that Nanna was in the parlor now. "I thought you said Nanna was dead," I said. "She is," said Mom, and then she told me about wakes and funerals and how they helped us to say goodbye. "It's only until Monday," she said, but I was seared to go into the house. Mom asked if I would rather spend the weekend with her brother, my Uncle Roy.

If I was seared to go into the house, I was terrified about the prospect of staying with Uncle Roy. Whenever he looked at me I felt like I'd done something wrong. And knowing he'd know about my punishment for disobeying, there was no way I wanted to stay there.

"What about Uncle Dan's?" I asked my mother.

"You know your father won't let you go to Uncle Dan's," she said. Whenever the subject came up—Uncle Dan often would invite me—Dad would tell me to go upstairs, then he'd say to my mother, "You know how much I love Dan," and then he would go on about Dan's "ways" and how he wouldn't have me exposed to them.

"Then I'll stay here," I said. Mom said that if I didn't want to see Nanna, I could close my eyes and she'd lead me to the back stairs. I took her hand and closed my eyes.

The house smelled different. I held my breath until we got up to my room. I ran to the window, opened it and breathed in the moist air. The fog was getting worse again. "Mommy," I said, "can I stay at Tommy's?" I must have looked even worse than I felt because she immediately said, "Yes, dear, I'm sure you can. Let me call Tommy's mother."

Mom packed my suitcase and I went to Tommy's. It was only when we were playing knee football in his living room, me as the Giants, Tommy as the Brooks, that it occurred to me that my mother might not have told Tommy's mother about my punishment. After our knees were so hot we couldn't play anymore—I scored five touchdowns, Tommy three—we turned on the radio. Tommy's mother

even walked through the living room once. She didn't say anything. We ate dinner, listened to the radio some more and stayed up half the night talking about all the girls we hated.

Saturday it rained. We played cards and football and listened to the radio. I forgot all about Nanna.

Sunday morning was cold and the fog had cleared. We went to church, Mom and Dad were there and so we all sat together. I was sure when Mom took me aside after Mass that she was going to tell me not to worry, that it was O.K. for me to listen to the game (my father often forgot the punishments he'd imposed, though my mother never did). Instead, she said all the relatives would be coming over that afternoon and that she wanted me to be there, too. She said it would

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HANCOCK



make her happy if I were. I said I didn't think I could. She said, "Please," and I said, "Please." Then Dad came over and said I'd have to be there.

I ate breakfast at Tommy's, and he spoke of nothing but the game. He said the Brooks were going to maraud the Giants, that Merlyn (the Magician) Condit and Ace Parker would wipe Tufty Lee-mans all over the field. I allowed as how Tufty would not only score touchdown after touchdown, but that he'd cleat the Magician in the face as well. We bet 10¢

The bald eagle is in danger of extinction. For a free booklet on how to help save this living symbol of our country, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10051.
© 1982

on the game, a whole week's allowance for me. The doorbell rang. It was Uncle Dan. His Stutz was outside. His girl friend, the one my father didn't want me to know was living with him, was in the front seat. I told Tommy the Dodgers stunk and went out to the car.

I'd forgotten that Uncle Dan was a Dodger fan, too. He took up where Tommy had left off. We drove around for a while. The car was warm. Uncle Dan and his girl friend said they'd rather be at the game, too. She offered me a cigarette. I refused. Uncle Dan said my family wanted me to be at the wake because my father thought it was time I learned about death and how it was just another part of life, like going to the bathroom. That kind of thing always made me like Uncle Dan. He was much younger than my father, and my father said he was a Communist. But whenever he said that, my mother would say he wasn't, that Communists rode in subways, not Stutzes, and that Communists didn't like sports.

Uncle Roy met me at the door. He pinned black crepe around my arm. "Go up and say goodbye to your Nanna, son," he said from deep in his throat.

"Yes, sir," I said. I took a deep breath and walked into the parlor and up to the coffin. Nanna looked like she was asleep, the way Uncle Dan had said she would. I knelt down. Mom knelt beside me and put her arm around my shoulder. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" she said, and then she bit her bottom lip like she was about to cry. "Let's say a prayer," said Mom. I prayed that Nanna would go to heaven. Nanna never moved, although once I thought I saw her cheek twitch the way it used to. My father laughed in the hall, but it seemed a thousand miles away. The room was very hot.

I woke up in my own bed. Uncle Dan and his girl friend sat by the window, smoking cigarettes.

"You O.K.?" asked Dan.

"What happened?" I asked.

"You passed out," said Uncle Dan.

"Too bad we can't turn on the radio, listen to the game," said his girl friend.

"Roy would have a fit," said Uncle Dan, then added, "Hey, why don't you go out to the car and see how the game is going?"

"Can I?" I leaped up.

"But you can't let anyone know," said Uncle Dan. "We're supposed to be in mourning."

"How are you doing, young fellow?"

continued



Eagle Rare Bourbon. A higher level of taste.

No bird in America soars as high as the eagle. And no bourbon reaches the taste level of Eagle Rare 101 proof Bourbon. A taste so mellow, yet so distinctive, that it can only be achieved after ten full years of careful aging.

Indulge in the finest Kentucky Bourbon ever created. One sip will tell you why it's expensive.



Eagle Rare Bourbon.
The 101 proof bourbon aged 10 years.

The Clear Advantage

Rise® Super Gel lubricates better for a super smooth shave no foam can beat.



**"DIRECT DEPOSIT
GIVES US
EXACTLY WHAT
WE'VE
GOT COMING."**

Just ask for Direct Deposit wherever you now deposit your Social Security checks. It's free, and it's something you deserve just as much as what you've waited a lifetime for.

DIRECT DEPOSIT

**AFTER ALL,
YOU'VE GOT IT COMING.**



©1994 United States Treasury

YESTERDAY continued

said Uncle Roy, as I got to the bottom of the stairs.

"Fine, sir," I said. I took a quick look into the parlor. There were more people there, most of whom I didn't know, sitting around the edge of the room.

"This must be May's grandchild," said an old woman coming out of the parlor.

"It is," said Uncle Dan, "but he's feeling a bit under the weather, so he's going to step out for a breath of air."

The cold brought me back to life. I walked down to the end of the block, and when I was sure no one could see me, I ducked down and ran back to where Uncle Dan had parked his car, directly across the street from our house. The car was cold as I turned on the game.

"Tuffy Leemans. Day has not been a good one for either Tuffy or the Giants," said the announcer. "He's been held to scrimmage on almost every carry. And we just got a report that Mel

Hein, who was honored last year, has been taken to the hospital. Nello Falaschi got a bad gash on his shin by a cleat. The Brooks are ahead 14-0, and let me tell you, the Brooks are the ones that look like champs today. O.K. The Giants line up at scrimmage. . . . There's another announcement. I don't know what's going on, but something sure is. It's a long count. The ball is hiked, it's given to Leemans, there's a hole on the right side, he's through the hole, but he's brought down from the side, and Tuffy's at the bottom of a big pile. . . . There's a time-out on the field, it looks like an official's time-out. Ladies and gentlemen, I've never heard more people paged at a football game. First it was Colonel William J. Donovan, asked to call Washington, and since then every few minutes someone else has been paged. Wait a minute. I've just been handed a bulletin. Can we get a confirmation? Ladies and gentlemen, this is datelined Washington, D.C.: Early this morning Japanese planes launched a surprise attack on the U.S. Naval base in Pearl Harbor. All servicemen are requested to report to their bases. The ball is in play again. It's a pass. Over the middle, and it's intercepted. Manders intercepted. . . ."

I shut the radio off and pushed open the door. I almost called "Dad," but then

I remembered Nanna and how I'd been forbidden to listen to the radio. I pulled the door shut, afraid someone had seen me. I knew my parents would want to hear, but I didn't know how I could tell them. They'd been talking about the Japanese all week. I thought maybe I'd imagined what I'd heard, so I turned the radio back on. The game continued, but you'd hardly have known it because the announcer kept reading bulletins and repeating them over and over again. I knew I had to do something. I shut the radio off. I knew if my father thought I had disobeyed again he'd keep me

in just Christmas—and with my Nanna in there. I thought I could say that everyone was talking about it, that someone in a passing car had honked his horn and told me. But the street was as quiet as ever. Then I remembered that Old Doc Kellner's drugstore just two blocks away had a radio. I wasn't supposed to go in

there either, but Uncle Dan had given me money to get myself a honey bun. And I figured I could say it was the only place open, that I didn't want to go in there. . . . No, I thought, I could say I didn't go in there, that I had asked a man standing out front to go in for me and that he had told me.

I snuck back up to the end of the block, crossed the street and then ran all the way home. When I burst in the door, everyone turned to look at me.

"What's the matter, dear?" my mother asked.

"The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor," I said too loud.

All at once people said, "What?" and "Oh my God" and "Pearl Harbor?"

Uncle Dan said there was a radio in my room. They all looked at one another and then at me. Uncle Dan led the rush up the stairs. Only three of the old women stayed in the parlor. "God help us," said one. I looked in at Nanna's coffin, then ran upstairs.

No one ever asked me where I'd heard the news, not even Uncle Roy. The Brooks won 21-7, and I lost my allowance to Tommy. Uncle Dan enlisted in the Navy the next day and was assigned to the aircraft carrier *Hornet*; it was less than a year before we put another black wreath on the door.

END





THE LONGER YOU OWN IT, THE LESS OBSOLETE IT WILL BECOME.

A lot of stereo equipment starts becoming outdated as soon as you lift it out of the box.

But not Pioneer's SX-60 Receiver. It's been planned for the future, not for obsolescence.

Because it's not just designed to be a stereo receiver, but the control center for the home entertainment system of the future.

The SX-60 has both the performance and features necessary to interface with the video and digital recording hardware and software you will certainly be buying over the next two decades.

To begin with, the SX-60 has the ability to accurately reproduce the wide dynamic range of digital recordings because of its revolutionary Non-Switching, low distortion amp (80 watts per channel

into 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.005% THD). Its incredible 95dB signal-to-noise ratio can easily handle the 90dB digital range.

And when the video/audio marriage is consummated, you'll have a receiver that will remain compatible. A video input in the SX-60 enables you to listen to VCR or video disc programs through your stereo system. And a simulated stereo circuit transforms the mono output of video (and AM) broadcasts to create theatre-quality, stereo-like imaging.

The SX-60 features Quartz-PLL digital synthesized tuning that locks in stations and prevents any drift. Plus there are 10 FM and 10 AM electronic station pre-sets and precise digital readout.

As for ease and accuracy of operation, all of the SX-60's circuits are completely microcomputer controlled.

Finally, a fluorescent pictographic display provides visual reference to the receiver's vital operating mode.

While this display may give the SX-60 a futuristic appearance today, you can rest assured that 10 or 15 years from now, it will fit right in.



PIONEER
Because the music matters.

TEMPLE-INLAND. THE NEW, \$1.3 BILLION GIANT THAT'S GROWING IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES.

 Temple-Inland is a new name with an impressive past and a bright future. It's the union of two successful forest products companies: Temple-Eastex Inc. and Inland Container Corporation,

formerly subsidiaries of Time Inc. Together, they form a diversified giant that's growing strong with the right products in the right places.

Over 2 million acres in the sun.

Temple-Inland and our half-owned affiliate, Georgia Kraft Company, have over 2 million acres of prime southern timberland located at the doorstep of America's fastest-growing Sun Belt markets in Texas, Georgia and Alabama. The result: significant cost advantages over competitors with forests in the Northwest.

A leader in the fastest-growing paper markets.

Many experts are predicting that in the coming years, the most profitable paper grades will be bleached and unbleached paperboard, and we are a large, low-cost producer of each. Last year, we manufactured over 1.7 million tons of paperboard.

A plentiful supply of virgin fiber and recycled raw material.

All of the raw material used at our bleached paperboard mill is virgin

fiber, much of it harvested from our own forests. About two-thirds of the raw material used in our unbleached paperboard (principally kraft linerboards) is virgin fiber. The remainder comes from plentiful old corrugated boxes. This flexibility of supply assures steady production in a sometimes volatile industry—and helps make us one of the most efficient producers in the business.

A major packaging company.

With our network of 28 corrugated box plants nationwide, we serve virtually every kind of corrugated packaging customer—from beef packers to computer makers. And our bleached folding carton plants are strategically located to service consumer packaging markets.

Helping build the growing Sun Belt.

Our building products are manufactured and primarily marketed in the South and Southwest, where the population is migrating and demand is greatest. And because we offer one of the most diversified product lines available, we are in an excel-

lent position to capitalize on the market's expanding needs—whatever form they take.

Financing the American Dream.

Temple-Inland helps finance many of the homes which it helps build. Lumbermen's Investment Corporation, our mortgage banking subsidiary, currently services a \$2.4 billion portfolio of real estate loans. And it's growing fast. The portfolio has more than doubled over the last five years.

And insuring thousands of Americans.

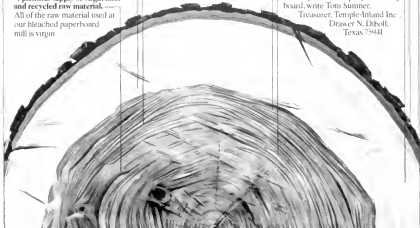
Our Great American Reserve Insurance Company currently has over \$3 billion of life insurance in force.

At Temple-Inland, the belief that good, strong growth must be nurtured has resulted in over 50 consecutive, profitable years. And in the last five, we've invested over \$750 million in capital expenditures to lay a sound foundation for future growth.

In early January, Temple-Inland begins trading on the New York Stock Exchange under the symbol, "TIN." For information on the newest growth company on the big board, write Tom Sumner,

Treasurer, Temple-Inland Inc.,
Drawer N, Diboll,
Texas 75941

TEMPLE-INLAND
INC.
A FOREST PRODUCTS COMPANY



The benefits of owning an IBM copier with a computer in it are never ending.

In fact, it saves you a small fortune
before you make a single copy.

How?

Well, the IBM Series III Model 60 simply
costs thousands of dollars less than other
copiers in its class.*

But that alone isn't the reason to buy one.
It's built the way IBM builds everything.

To work and work and work and work.

And the computer in our IBM copier
does so much work, you don't have to:
the Model 60 is remarkably easy to operate.

So which copier should you buy?

Well, you certainly don't need a computer
to tell you.

*Defined as high-volume copier/duplicators rated at 70
copies per minute, as of 10/7/83.

IBM Series III Model 60 Copier/Duplicator

Write to us at IBM, Dept. 2B, 300 Parsons Pond Drive,
Franklin Lakes, New Jersey 07637

☐ Please send me a free brochure

☐ Please have an IBM representative call me to arrange
for a live demonstration

NAME TITLE

COMPANY

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

BUSINESS PHONE

IBM

Call IBM Direct 1-800-IBM-2468 Ext. 43.

75,000 copies, computer slides
new imaging surface onto drum

Service call: Computer relays copier
errors to service representative
during 25-minute auto-checkout
to reduce future service calls.

50,000 copies, computer
slides new imaging surface
onto drum.

Via infrared sensor, computer
senses density of image
and adjusts laser for consistent
copy quality.

Every 25,000 copies,
computer slides
new imaging surface onto
photocopy drum
to eliminate a service call.

Computer adjusts
laser temperature
control for consistent
copy quality.

Power on:
Computer checks
all its functions
and memory.



Edited by GAY FLOOD

BORRRING NFL

Sir: My congratulations to Paul Zimmerman! When I read his article (Pete, the Way They Play Today Stinks, Dec. 12), I realized why I've been loving interest in NFL football over the past few years. I've always been in favor of a power-running game, deep pass routes and a man-to-man pass defense. These are the characteristics Dr. Z recalled from days gone by. The only team that comes close to playing like that today is Al Davis' menagerie.

Bring back the good things in pro football: natural grass, mud and false teeth.

STEVE KINCHELOE
North Little Rock, Ark.

Sir:

I commend Dr. Z. Steeler Defensive Coordinator Woody Widenhofer's remark that his current defense is better than the old Steel Curtain is simply untrue. How many times has this defense shut down—I don't mean stopped, I mean really shut down—an Earl

Campbell, as Pittsburgh's fading Steel Curtain did in the 1979 and 1980 AFC championship games? In the '80 game, Campbell was held to 15 yards rushing for the whole game—two yards at the half. Those were the days of real football. Then came the rules changes, and now many games are decided on numerous discretionary calls by referees.

Come on, Pete. You know we're right. Bring back real football. Get rid of those stupid rules.

DON OLDERMAN
Jackson, Wis.

Sir:

It's finals week at the University of Missouri, Kansas City, but I decided to take a break and read my SI. Paul Zimmerman's article was excellent. If Pete Rozelle wants to know how boring today's NFL play is, tell him I turned off my television set to study last Sunday, and my test wasn't until Tuesday.

MIKE KATSEV
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

Ames, Dr. Z! I used to be a hard-core pro football fan, and I still am a hard-core Pittsburgh Steeler fan. I also happen to be a transplanted McKeepporter and even I had to think for a minute before naming the players on this year's Steeler defensive line.

Thanks for telling it exactly as it is concerning the sorry state of pro football today. I only hope that Pete Rozelle and the rules makers are wise enough to recognize the loss of quality brought about by their policies-for-parity actions. The mystique that was pro football is going, going, . . .

JIM DULAC
Lemoine, Pa.

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman was way out of line. This new game is different from play in the old NFL, but I wouldn't say it stinks. The game has gotten much quicker, and, yes, many of the athletes are situation players, but it has become more exciting. Offenses have opened

continued

BASSEY AND JAZZY

Sir:

I can't believe it! SI is the epitome of sports journalism, and yet what do we get when mention is made by Jim Kaplan of "the sexiest, sassiest, most spectacular cheerleaders to be found in a college gym anywhere" (The Violets Bloom Again, Dec. 5)? No picture.

LARRY K. TOLBERT
Murfreesboro, Tenn.



CCNY's Karen Evans displays her "killer split."

Sir:

In the days of New York City's old Madison Square Garden I always tried to schedule my business trips to the city to coincide with either an NBA game or a college doubleheader. Once I was present at an NYU-CCNY game, won in the final seconds by underdog CCNY. I still remember the CCNY students rocking the Garden with a yell that began "Allagaroo, garoo, garoo." When I read of CCNY's "sexiest, sassiest, most spectacular cheerleaders" (why no picture?), I wondered if they still lead cheers with the old Allagaroo.

TED ISAACS
Cincinnati

• Indeed they do. And for a glimpse of one of their performances, see left.—ED.

Sir:

Who was that attractive cheerleader pictured, but not named, in Anthony Cotton's article on the Utah Jazz basketball team (New Floor Show for Las Vegas, Dec. 5)? A comprehensive answer is requested. Another photograph would be welcomed.

JOSEPH SUTTON
Pulaski, Tenn.

Sir:

I enjoyed Anthony Cotton's story on the Utah Jazz. That team greatly helped itself by taking Thurl Bailey of North Carolina State in last year's draft (No. 7, first round) and by adding cheerleader Julie Wade of the Univer-

sity of Nevada, Las Vegas, whom you pictured but didn't identify. Many pro scouts, including me, rated her the No. 1 cheerleader in America, based on beauty, gymnastic ability and cheerfulness. I'm glad she was rewarded with a pro "contract."

AL MENENDEZ
Director of Player Personnel
New Jersey Nets
East Rutherford, N.J.

• Here's one more shot of Wade.—ED.



Jazz cheerleader Wade is also a jazz dancer.



No body is perfect.

That's why we make The Lean Machine, a simple, affordable gym system that enables you to strengthen and streamline your body when you wish, where you wish, and how you wish.

For a handsome brochure that tells all, call
1-800-621-1203. (In Illinois it's **1-800-821-7143**)
 Also available at Abercrombie & Fitch



THE LEAN MACHINE™

Copyright © 1990 by The N. Lehnman Co., Elmhurst, Illinois 60120

19TH HOLE continued

up, making it essential for defenses to change. Can you picture Dick Butkus or Ray Nitschke attempting to cover Walter Payton or Tony Dorsett on a safety valve, or maybe in an isolated situation when the bucks break long? I can't.

As for the monsters like Butkus, I'm not sure they're the answer to the bigger, stronger, faster offensive linemen of today's game. Don't get me wrong. I enjoyed watching Alex Karras, Paul Hornung, Jim Brown, Butkus and Nitschke for the few years I could, but they just weren't fast enough for this game.

Oldtimers, get with the '80s!

MICHAEL S. HILFMAN
 Morganville, N.J.

Sir:

Dr. Z cites a lack of heroes, I assume of the "macho" type. Ten years from now he'll probably be saying the same thing—what happened to the Jack Lambers, Randy Gradishars, et al. Come on, Z. There are still plenty of heroes around, and change is only an element of the game itself. I prefer football with innovative minds like those of Tom Landry, Don Shula, Bud Grant and others who are constantly trying to gain an edge on their opponents.

PETER M. KUSHNET JR.
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman obviously wants to return the NFL to its barbaric days. With so much violence in the world, the last place we need more of it is on the football field. As the author states, "The NFL just isn't what it used to be." True sports fans hope that it never will go back to those violent days.

SEAN SCOTT
 Thornton, Colo.

Sir:

I have one question regarding your cover and Jill Lieber's sidebar on Jim Brown's possible return: Did Marcus Allen lead Brown his No. 32? Surely Allen isn't conceding his number to the runnings of an over-the-hill part-time actor and roller skater. Stay home, Mr. Brown.

ELI DORIA
 Houston

Sir:

Jim Brown is certainly entitled to take another crack at the NFL, and the spectacle would indeed be interesting. My feeling is that Brown may have lived with his Hollywood fantasies for too long. In challenging and demeaning a class act like Franco Harris, Brown has done something he seldom did during his illustrious career: fumble.

LARRY D. PATTERSON
 Edgewater, N.J.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

#1 TOUGH TRUCK

'84 FORD PICKUPS



BEST-BUILT AMERICAN TRUCKS

#1 SELLING PICKUP 7 STRAIGHT YEARS* OFFERS BIGGEST SIX V-6 & DIESEL

The best-selling Ford offers a powerful advantage for '84—the husky 4.9L I-6, most torque in any pickup. Plus the 7.5L, biggest V-8. And 6.9L diesel with 26 more horsepower than Chevy. Choice of roomy

Get it together—jackle up!



Maximilian Club, Chevy
Cab or big exclusive

SuperCab, too.
*Based on registrations
through May 1983.

Quantity is Job 1.

Ford's commitment to quality results in the best-built American trucks, based on a survey of owner reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 trucks. And the commitment continues in 1984.

BUILT FORD TOUGH



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 2 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine;
100s: 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983.

When you know
what counts.

Kent III

Taste
you can
count on.

